



Prudie M'au Linc.



# CUPOLA

OF

# 1912



EDITED BY JUNIOR CLASS  
OF ROCKFORD COLLEGE



THE MAIN BUILDING

TO OUR SISTER CLASS, 1915,  
WE OF 1913 AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATE OUR CUPOLA





THE FOUNTAIN

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DeKalb Township High School, '07; Secretary and Treasurer of Tolo, '08; Glee Club, '08-12; Fairy in "Land of Heart's Desire" '08; Class Basket Ball, '08, '09; Reception Committee for Spring Promenade '09; Dramatic Club, '09-'12; Art Editor of Cupola, '10; Business Manager of Dramatic Club, '11; Vice-President Athletic Association, '11; Editor of "Cupola," '11; Class Hockey, '11, '12; President of Athletic Association, '12; President of Dramatic Club, '12.

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#### MARY HELEN BROWN

Rockford High School, '08; Secretary of Biology Club, '09; Decoration Committee for Spring Promenade, '09; Assistant Business Manager of Ralla, '10, '11; Business Manager of Ralla, '11, '12; Decoration Committee for Winter Promenade, '11.

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#### SARAH J. EBERLY

Hiawatha High School, Kansas, '08; Class Historian, '11; English Club, '11, '12; Secretary and Treasurer of Class, '12; Secretary of House Committee, '12.

RUTH RACHAEL HATHAWAY

West Division High School, Milwaukee, Wis., '08; Glee Club, '09; President of Class, '10, '11; Chairman of Reception Committee for Winter Promenade, '11; Reception Committee for Spring Promenade, '11; Class Hockey, '11; Classical Club, '11; Joke Editor of Cupola, '11; House President '11, '12.

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JESSIE KILE

Mason City High School, '06; Advertising Manager of Cupola, '10; Business Manager of Cupola, '11; Treasurer of Tolo, First Semester, '12.

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MYRA HOWELL KING

Peoria High School, '08; Bradley Institute '08-'10; Classical Club, '11, '12; English Club, '11, '12; Herald in May Day Pageant, '11; Celia, in "As You Like It," '11; Literary Editor of Cupola, '11; Associate Literary Editor of Rockford Ralla, '12; President of Tolo, '12; Titania in "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," '12.





#### SADIE RADCLIFFE

Rockford High School, '06; Glee Club, '09, '10, '11, '12; Dramatic Club, '10, '11, '12; Vice-President of Day Students, '11; President of Day Students, '12; Secretary and Treasurer of Dramatic Club; Classical Club, '12.

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#### AGNES CHAPMAN WILLIAMS

Rockford High School, '07; Glee Club, '08, '09, '11, '12; Fairy in "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," '08 and in "Land of Heart's Desire," '09; Art Editor of Cupola, '11; Member of Reception Committee for Winter Promenade, '11; President of Senior Class, '11, '12; Classical Club, '12; Modern English Club, '12; Editor of College Song Book, '12.

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#### MILDRED L. WOOD

Ann Arbor High School, Mich., '08; University of Michigan, '08-'10; Dramatic Club, '11, '12; Corin in "As You Like It," '11; Classical Club, '11; Vice-President Athletic Association, '11, '12; House Committee, '11, '12; Class Hockey, '10, '11.

## Senior Class History

O H—our youthful days? Let's see—yes, of course we were all babies once—ate bread and milk and in fear and trembling did awful stunts for stern, cruel judges. After that—I believe we ventured into politics and elected Fanchon Hathaway president and Marie von Schroeder keeper of the safety deposit vault. Athletics? Why, we defeated our rivals, the Sophomores in the annual basket ball game. That was a day for you! What happened next? There was a banquet at the Thadwa and—of course those days are a bit dim being so many years past.

The Sophomore year was very busy with its social, musical, literary and dramatic interests. Lolo Jeffries was our "chief executive" that year, Edna Rendall had charge of the finance and Norma Haegg kept our books. It was that year, too, that we used to go on jolly bob-ride sprees when the snow was fine, with Fraulein Behrens to bail us out if we fell in to the Rock River.

When we returned in the following September, we felt that our youth as a class had been left behind us and that we were face to face with the more serious problems of life. First, the Annual was still in the realm of potentiality and it was for us to bring it before the public. "Tree" Rogers began the arduous task of cultivating Rockford's literary genius and when she had to leave us, brave little Norma took it up and carried it through. Ruth Hathaway was elected president and with her we worked hard to make our "stunts" successful. Then there was the room all our own! We had many cozy meetings there, dreaming of how it would look when—and when—and when. The May party was under our management and again our little helmsman showed her stuff, by the way she worked to make every one have the grandest time of her life. My, but we were proud when she stood up to receive a big arm full of roses from Miss Gulliver! Ivy day with its procession and class song in the early morning, followed by a breakfast, Commencement with all its ceremonies and the bestowal of the cap and gown made us feel that we were really attaining at last the awful majesty of seniorhood.

Perhaps we felt the profound dignity of it more at that time than during this our last year. We have had such jolly teas every other week and Agnes Williams, our president, has had so many brilliant ideas for making money that our "dignities" have escaped our minds. First we had the



Calendars to publish, then the Christmas cards to sell and last and biggest of all, the Rockford College song book to edit. And the mock wedding! How can one feel like a Senior, when in real life one is a flower girl, or a best man, or a *bride*! It certainly was lovely to be a Senior, though, when the Sophomores treated us to a breakfast at the Nelson and showered us with roses afterward.

And as we think it all over, the whole way has been showered with roses. May those who follow also find it so!

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## Senior Officers

AGNES WILLIAMS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
SARAH EBERLY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MYRA KING	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Class Historian</i>







# JUNIOR

## Junior Class

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LOUISE RHODES	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
SARA POLLOCK	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Class Historian</i>

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Abbot, Frances	Maack, Marguerite
Anderson, Jean	McDonald, Florence
Barnett, Grace	Miller, Bertha
Bartlett, Helen	Norton, Margaret
Brand, Irma	Oliver, Frances
Brodersen, Hedwig	Pollock, Sara
Brown, Cornelia	Rhodes, Louise
Beaty, Enid	Roberts, Elizabeth
Cavanaugh, Maude	Shultz, Meta
Garrett, Clyda	Skillman, Etta
Gillette, Bessie	Stone, Julia
Hoole, Kathleen	Vaughn, Jeannette
Johns, Evalyn	Waller, Maie
Johnson, Sylvia	White, Marion
Keyt, Elice	Will, Dorothy
Kirkeeng, Alma	Yankey, Alma
Koch, Hazel	Youngs, Antoinette

Miss Bramhall, Honorary Member

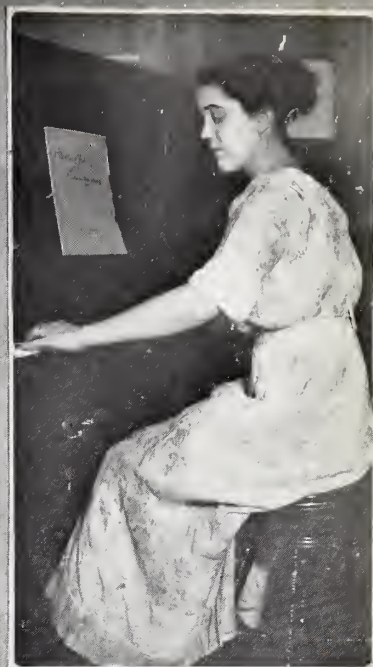




"KATH"



ETTA



"RHODSEY"



JEANNETTE



"EVALINE"



"CLYDE"



"SARALICE"



HAZEL



ELICE





"BESS"



"BARNETT"



"YANK"



MAUD



DOROTHY



"BESS"



"BEATY"



MARGARET



HELEN



MAIE



BERTHA





"MAGGIE"



"SLYVIA"



JULIA



"BRANDY"



"MA"



"JEANNE"



"OLLIE"



ANTOINETTE



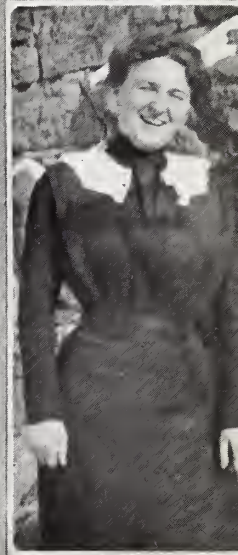
"HEDIE" "WOODY BOY"



MARION



FLORENCE



ALMA



## 1913--The Incomparable

**I**F the class of 1913 was somewhat young in years when she first ventured timidly within the imposing walls of her chosen Alma Mater, she nevertheless bore the distinction of being the largest class which had yet entered. Perhaps there was safety in numbers, for we hear of no instance when she was undaunted, but rather, that she fearlessly and nobly pursued her even way, sometimes, it is true, stopping to impress her worth upon others, sometimes battling for supremacy, but, always serene and unruffled, she was generally on top.

The oldest inhabitants combined to thwart the rising hopes of the youngsters; perhaps to teach them their own importance, or to wreak vengeance upon some one, even though innocent, for previous injuries—who knows? But certain it is that 1913 had the same trials to face and she came out of them unscathed, with the same fixed purpose of revenge which had embittered the spirits of her sisters.

She gathered together the discarded clothes of her small sister in preparation for the much advertised "Baby Party," calm despite the premonitions which she may have gathered from the too frequent glimpses of giggling Sophomores, or pitying glances from sisterly Juniors. If she had to wear short skirts and fluffy bows, and eat bread and milk, she kept her poise, and the school still speaks of the dignified way in which Maie Waller sang, "I Love You Truly," and the calm, self-possession of Frances Oliver in her five-minute discourse on "Things in General."

Since the tormentors were always firmly determined to test the youngsters well, the next ordeal was Tolo initiation. 1913, thinking that her Alma Mater was perhaps a little too rollicking, and keeping always before her her own dignity, decided to give the club a rare intellectual treat. "Julius Caesar" was played in a way most flattering to Shakespeare. Portia's hair and Caesar's voice will descend to posterity.

Since precocious 1913 was already making a place for herself, the doors to that coveted position, "Old-girlship" were opened to her. But her head was not turned; instead, she straightway chose her leaders in order to prove her business ability as she had already shown her intellectual. "Frank" was her president, with "Lovey" to substitute; for 1913 was wise enough to foresee all emergencies. "Bowman" took care of the finances, and 1913, fully equipped, began her incomparable career receiving all due respect from the upper classes.

1911 was the first to pay homage and usher 1913 into her social career, and here she gave promise of becoming a star. She entertained the Juniors with quite a superior card party at the Nelson, and from the Junior's report we have inferred that the first venture of 1913 into the social world was a great success.

Only one thing happened that first year to shake 1913's composure. Although she did, for a moment, become bewildered, she easily surmounted the difficulty and sailed on all the more smoothly, having left the ruffled waters far in her wake. The Sophomores were jealous of her acknowledged prestige, her pronounced ability, and her many successes, and tried to humiliate her. 1913, being on the heights, resented the attempt to pull her down and acted as her decisive nature prompted. In history, the "Freshman Rush" will not be forgotten, nor did the Sophomores forget it as they added dignity to their years, and forever after they rendered to 1913 that which was due her. We hear of no other instance when all respect was not paid her, and when June came she turned her face homeward, with the satisfaction of having carried out a worthy policy.

This same idea was uppermost when she returned in September. Having the well-earned respect of her upper classmen she had no fears that homage from the Freshmen would be lacking. And certainly all was paid in the "Baby Party" when she took her seat upon the platform and impressed the "Babies" with her tolerance and justice.

To direct her policy, she chose "Peg," who had proven her ability the year before, and "Art" for her assistant. Her opinion as to the honesty of Jeannette, whom she chose for treasurer, was so valued by the others that they immediately decided that Jeannette must be on House Committee, too. 1913 had now taken her rightful place. Young as she was, she had her representatives in the principal executive affairs, while her advice was necessary for the administrative. In athletics she proved her fiber as much in the manner in which she met her defeat in hockey as well as in her victory in baseball. She entertained her sister class, the Seniors, with proper formality, at the "Climax" and wisely forbore to mention it afterwards. The Seniors in return, took 1913 bobbing—and even 1913 could enjoy a bob-ride.

She entertained herself, later in the year with a banquet at the Nelson. The Freshmen, hoping to mar the pleasure, hid all the best dresses but 1913 proved her superiority over clothes and the occasion was most brilliant.

But when 1913 became Junior, she felt that the true scope for her abilities had arrived. She fitted into the niche labelled "Upper-classmen" as if it were made for her. She was magnanimous, yea, even kind to the Freshmen. Tactfully she welcomed them to their college with a brilliant German; she learned their songs and even cheered for them on Field Day with no thought

of her own defeat. To marshal her on her way she chose "Ollie" and "Brandy," with "Rhodsey" to bank the project, for 1913 was at her height. She furnished her room with pillows; she held Junior Tea every other week to promote sociability; but above all, she produced the Annual. This Herculean feat she accomplished with no flaw in her outward serenity. Although busier than ever before, owing to renewed responsibilities, she was able to play with her small sister class and to guide her steps aright. Perhaps her greatest pleasure was the theater party at "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"---at which the Freshmen were hostesses.

1913 will continue on her sweet, untroubled way. In her senior year she will tread her difficulties under foot in the undaunted manner of her Freshman days, and when she turns her face to the world, that same indomitable purpose will bear her to pinnacles much higher than those she has as yet attained.

Success to you—Incomparable 1913!





# SOPHOMORES



## In Memoriam

Since the great men of days now gone,  
Have writ their epitaphs in song  
So that they'd be appropriate  
And have some reference to their fate,  
The Sophomores we this service do.  
Much time and thought it's taken too!

Evora DuMez has passed from earth  
The powers above well knew her  
worth

And now in the Elysian fields  
She's cooking scientific meals.

Helen Clarke lies under this mound  
In life she weighed 500 pound.

Margaret Woodruff's in the ground  
The way she made her one piece  
gown

Fair took the angels by surprise  
And made them want her in the skies.

Mary Bert when death did get her  
Asked to be buried in her red sweater.

Mahren Finnernd will ne'er come back  
She's even left "that dear man Jack"  
In automobiles on the golden way  
She's taking joy rides every day.

Winnie Cox died in the rush  
After a popular Senior crush.

Alma Masters used to be  
Thin, her first year at R. C.  
Now she occupies a block  
Underneath this little rock.

May Granger climbed the heavenly  
heights  
With a twinkle in her eye.  
"I'll give no encore breakfasts now  
Or know the reason why."

Mabel Blair was a shining light.  
She shone and shone with all her  
might.

We feel quite sure that if she's there  
She's shining now, on the golden  
stair.

Beneath this sod all grassy green  
Jenn Brown, the President, lies serene,  
They say the angels have implored  
her  
To teach them Robert's Rules of  
order.

To pick up dropped "rs" in fiery  
Hades  
Is the task assigned to Bernice Geddes.

Cecil Palmeter's gone to the skies  
She died of a funny twitch in her  
eyes.

It got the boys, I'm here to say  
She had them all a-coming her way.

In this crooked grave of dirt and clay  
Poor Frances Madison's laid away.  
Her life so crooked was, you know,  
In straighter grave she could not go.

Mary McFarland's blown to thunder  
And, good gracious, it's no wonder  
For in her closet, out of sight,  
She oft made fudges in the night.

Here's Ruth Wood—she went plum  
wild  
When she heard of the death of  
“honey child.”

Here lies what's left of Helen Buck  
On gym work she was always stuck.

Edna Brown kept growing fatter  
No one knew what was the matter  
So Dr. Maas sent her up there  
To let her try the heavenly air.

This gloomy grave Marg Marbold  
holds  
Still clad in “English Walking”  
clothes.

Jessie Reid in heaven,  
Doth play a golden lyre.  
She's even been persuaded  
To join the heavenly choir.

Dorothy Sells is suffering yet  
For being on earth a suffragette.

Ruth Wanstrom came to Peter's gate  
And he opened wide the portal  
He never knew until too late  
That she was only mortal.

Lucile Ralston here lies dead  
Her friend's grief grows yet stronger  
And yet I've really heard it said  
They didn't want her longer.

B. Ostrom's left the stage of life  
To go and play in heaven  
We hope that she will act the man  
As she did in nineteen 'leven.

Leila White has gone from here  
St. Peter'll make no fracas  
He'll just glance up, the sweet old  
dear,  
And put her down for A +

Olive Johnson died in a fit  
Trying to solve her “analyt.”

Natalie Parsons sooth to tell,  
A sad and tragic fate befell.  
She wore in heaven such a pout  
That the angels finally put her out.

H. Hayward has left us one and all  
She had to follow Jenn.  
She was always ready for ‘double Sol’  
But she'll never play again.

Genevieve Morrison had her day  
She has finished life's cruel lesson,  
But what her peculiar hobby was,  
Got everybody guessin'.

Here's the remains of Ethel Trout  
The typewriter brought this fate  
about.

In personally harmonized attire,  
Helen Lloyd now plays the lyre.  
Her nightgown pink and slippers  
green,  
St. Peter let her keep, I ween.

When Lois Karlson at the gate  
Inquired for what would be her fate,  
The saints exclaimed “Oh not below,  
You can't go there with that halo!”

Anne Avery's bones are nailed in this  
box  
But her fame lives on for wearing silk  
socks.

Beneath this slab lies Marion Hull  
In heaven she's most valuable  
Because as proctor she was wise,  
She's now employed in shooin' flies.

Kirkpatrick's span of years were few  
She had too many hours.  
Domestic Science made her blue  
Please strew her grave with flowers.

Helen Tribou died one sad day  
Because her Marion went away.  
We wonder if across the Styx  
They are in any better fix.

Here lies the body of Patti Jones.  
The good she did was interred with  
her bones.

Roberta Ransom you'll agree  
An angel now must surely be  
Her type of beauty is just right  
For halo, wings, and robe of white.

Ethel Bigelow lies below  
What she died of none of us know.

Margaret Fuller's lying here  
Her death was caused by laughter.  
Pray, stranger, as you drop a tear,  
That she may laugh hereafter.

Mae Andrew's thread of life was spun  
At a ripe old age—just the good die  
young.

Myrtle Weldon, full of fun,  
Finally's gone to kingdom come.  
E'en with Death she tried to jolly  
But he had no time for folly.

Here lie the bones of Sara Ayres,  
She left after Christmas, lightly  
shedding her cares.

Marie Ulrici's German was  
A joy to listen to because  
She could her words so well betonen  
Gewiss the saints will her belohnen.

Alice Talbott's gone to heaven  
To help in Peter's office.  
The bets down here are six to seven  
She'll soon command that office.

Gertrude Hess fixed her own fate  
By slamming hard the golden gate.

At diet table, and in bed  
In the infirmary,  
Did Ada Stonehouse fit herself  
For grand eternity.





## Sophomore Class History

I AM the mascot of 1914, Obidiah, a tiny, life-like chap in rompers, who talks not at all, but sees and hears much that happens and is said, up on the Cupola, my especial haunt. The first thing that I can remember in my life was being awakened one beautiful fall morning by the voices of several girls, dressed in short skirts, their hair hanging in curls and braids, armed with kodaks. They talked animatedly about a mysterious Baby Party which they were going to remember "forever and ever," and promised solemnly to make the Freshmen next year do worse stunts than "Scramble like eggs," "Scratch like a match and box," etc., etc. And ending their conversation with, "Well, the Sophomores are mighty good sorts, and they didn't treat us half bad after all," down the stairs they went, carrying snap-shots of their first Baby Party.

One warm evening soon after this I saw, from my lofty point of vantage, a dancing party in the gymnasium, and from all that I could observe, the Juniors gave their small sisters a grand good time in every way.

About a week later, up the stairs came two negro maidens, a minstrel singer, and a snake charmer. The two dusky maids hauled "Giny," the agile snake charmer, around in every position, trying to get the most effective pose, chattering meanwhile about what a wonderful success Tolo Initiation had been, with "Bucky and Giny, the stars of the performance."

That was the end of the visits to my haunt for some time, but I kept my watch over the campus faithfully. One star-lit evening, crowds of girls, dressed in their best, crossed the South Second bridge, going into town. I had heard rumors of the Freshmen entertaining the Juniors at the theatre in return for their delightful dance, and as I heard "My Hero" sung, whistled, and trilled for the next month, I knew that the sister classes had enjoyed together the "Chocolate Soldier."

Every day I saw the hockey teams turn out for hard practice, and daily I grew more impatient for Field Day to arrive. The weather grew colder and colder, and I feared that I should have to retire to warmer regions below before the match game came off. But one sharp November afternoon out trooped the teams, rooters, and faculty, red, old-rose, yellow, and green ribbons flying. The game began; from one end of the field to the other went the ball. A hoarse shout floated up to me: "Hull, Hull, go it, Hull! Brown, Brown!" and that's all I heard for the next half hour. And Hull and Brown did "go it," for the Yellow and Green came off victorious. The Red and Old-Rose won the Base Ball match which followed, but I couldn't be downcast even over that,—the Hockey victory had been so glorious.

That night I went down stairs to spend the winter, but late spring saw me back again, watching the campus with as keen interest as before. About the first of May the tennis court was put in condition, and little figures in white tossed the balls back and forth, back and forth over the net for hours at a time, it seemed to me. More swiftly and more skilfully they played as the

days went on, until the second week in June came, the date set for the tournament. I knew that the Freshmen would win the game and with it the cup. They did, too, every girl in the class shouting herself hoarse for Brown and Buck, champions.

After that carriage after carriage left the east gate, filled with happy girls bound for their various homes, and the rest of the hot summer I spent watching the workmen so busily engaged both in the old and new dormitories.

September saw my class back again, Sophomores now, who spent an excited, busy week in unpacking and getting settled again, in making out new schedules, and in renewing old friendships. The Baby Party and Tolo Initiation came and went, followed by several weeks of almost unbroken study—an attempt to conquer the restlessness left by the long summer holiday.

In October rumors of two charming social affairs came to my ears, a dainty breakfast at the Nelson House, given by the Sophomores in honor of the Seniors; and a rare treat, a Hallowe'en spread at Burr's to which all Sophomores were invited by two members of the faculty.

Again I saw the hockey teams daily appear on the field for practice, and again I watched the increasing strength of the Yellow and the Green. Cold, rainy, bleak weather persisted, but out came the sturdy teams notwithstanding. On the decisive day, in spite of the rain-soaked, slippery field, the Sophomores and Seniors came off victorious, jubilant, shouting for their captain until their throats were raw.

A week later great excitement reigned in Adams Halls. The Seniors were entertaining the Sophomores at a mock wedding, at which Miss Guinevere Hortense La Chapelle and Mr. Algernon Augustus de Nan Crede were to be solemnly united in marriage. Just before the hour set for the ceremony, I saw beautifully gowned young ladies, youths in faultless evening dress, elderly gentlemen escorting stately dames, and even grotesque country folk, going from Main to Adams. The charm of the bride, the gallantry of the groom, the grace of the attendants, and the beauty of the ceremony were topics of conversation for a fortnight.

I know, for that night I crept down stairs again to await the coming of spring, and there I have been ever since. Already I can feel the languor of the spring in my life-like body, and I'm going to sleep, to sleep until the first cry of "Love Thirty" from the tennis court calls me as before to the Cupola, my especial haunt.

## Sophomore Officers

JENN BROWN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
ROBERTA RANSOM		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
RUTH WOOD	-	.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Class Historian</i>

# FRESHMAN



## Freshman Class

RUTH MITCHELL	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
HELEN KIRKPATRICK	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
DOROTHY EDWARDS	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
KATHERYN MADDOCK	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Historian</i>

Alderson, Elizabeth	Horn, Florence	Norton, Grace
Ainslee, Helen	Hulson, Eva	O'Malley, Frances
Austin, Bess	Humphreys, Mary	Osborne, Edith
Bailey, Irene	Hunter, Jennie	Parson, Natalie
Baldwin, Gladys	Hurd, Vinessa	Pepple, Marjorie
Barber, Ruth	Johnson, Clara	Peterson, Irene
Babcock, Mae	Johnson, Gertrude	Prien, Olive
Bement, Hazel	Kearns, Ida Mae	Parkinson, Alice
Bierhaus, Lloyd	Kessler, Erana	Perkens, Ruth
Blackledge, Gertrude	Kirby, Helen	Rathbun, Laura
Bockius, Frances	Kirkpatrick, Helen	Robinson, Elsie
Bradley, Carol	Kile, Laura	Richmond, Ethel
Buck, Ruth	Knight, Katherine	Robie, Eva
Bundy, Dorothy	Laird, Edna	Rugg, Margaret
Burleson, Elizabeth	Landon, Catherine	Sager, Mabel
Bert, Elizabeth	Lathrop, Nita	Schultz, Janet
Burton, Alice	Le Compte, Miriam	Skukert, Isabel
Chase, Marguerite	Lill, Ethel	Smith, Edna
Corwin, Sylvia	Loomis, Frances	Smith, Sylvia
Doran, Marguerite	Loring, Mary	Shoudy, Annette
Dougherty, Maud	Lynch, Esther	Snow, Marcia
Edwards, Dorothy	Maddock, Katheryn	Stevens, Dessie
Eis, Florence	Masten, Adele	Stanosbeck, Jeanette
Eder, Madeline	Merrill, Dorothy	Tibbets, Charity
Forsberg, Ruth	McCague, Henrietta	Thomas, Ruth
Garret, Grace	McCoid, Margaret	Trahern, Helen
Gilbert, Ruth	McFarland, Mary	True, Katherine
Gillette, Nola Esther	McMillen, Ruth	Tuite, Margaret
Hall, Mabel	Merlien, Luella	Townsend, Jean
Hammill, Mildred	Mitchell, Ruth	Ulrici, Helen
Hazelton, Elizabeth	McAdow, Sciota	Van Alstine, Enid
Hawkins, Prudence	Macken, Ida	Weiser, Helen
Hector, Edna	Morgan, Jessie	Wheeler, Grace
Heffron, Helen	Mead, Ruth	White, Doris
Helmer, Jane	Mead, Esther	Wing, Dorothy
Hinchliff, Vera	Nelson, Ruby	Wuerker, Cora



**F** for the frivolous Freshmen so jolly  
 All togged out as babies, each one with  
 her dolly.

**R** for the rings of the world-renowned circus,  
 With Eis, True, and Landon—O how  
 they did work us!

**E** for the evening we danced in the gym,  
 With the Juniors, our sponsors, the lights  
 burning dim.

**S** is the style we put on that one night  
 For the Freshman Informal, a wonderful  
 sight!

**H** for the Hockey Team, husky  
 and hale;  
 They'd fight to the finish and  
 never turn pale.

**M** means our Mitchell, that  
 mighty commander,  
 She marshalled her forces  
 like old Alexander.

**E** an event that was no second  
 rater;  
 We all took the Juniors down  
 to the the-ay-ter!

**N** is for Next, that mysterious  
 land,  
 Lying spread out before us,  
 unknown, on each hand.











## Cupola Editors

JEAN GILLETTE ANDERSON		<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
SARA ALICE POLLOCK		<i>Business Manager</i>
ANTOINETTE YOUNGS	-	<i>Literary Editor</i>
FRANCES K. MADISON	- -	<i>Organizations</i>
KATHLEEN HOOLE	- - -	<i>Art Editor</i>
ENID MAUNE BEATY	- -	<i>Society Editor</i>
ELICE KEYT	- - -	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
FRANCES OLIVER	}	<i>Joke Editors</i>
CORNELIA BROWN		
JULIA STONE	- -	<i>Subscription Manager</i>
LEILA WHITE		<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>



## Tolo Club



**T**OLO was waiting for us when we came back to college in the fall. Of course a little house-cleaning was necessary before we could begin any festivities. First, the president's chair had to be dusted and filled with some one who could say, "The motion seems to be carried, the motion is carried." Myra King was considered to possess said accomplishment and was unanimously elected. Then the money bags were brought forth, found to be empty, and Jessie Kile was appointed to fill them.

Three weeks later the freshmen showed their fine spirit by giving us one of the jolliest evenings of the year, for they appeared in a three ring circus. Shortly before Hollowe'en the august order of Tolo was moved as by one spirit to give a masquerade. It took place with much mystery, spookiness, and good eats. At Thanksgiving, however, we turned our attention to some one besides ourselves. We dropped dimes, many quarters and dollars, into small boxes placed on the tables for that purpose, and in consequence ten Rockford families were surprised with chicken dinners.

At Christmas time the president received ten dollars to spend as she thought best for Christmas gifts to be sent to the Winnebago Farm boys.

In February the annual Mock Prom took place and was a very elegant affair. The fourteenth of February was also celebrated with a Valentine Party at which there were fewer eats than formerly and simpler programs because the money bags were not as full as had been hoped. However that fact bothered us not at all, for "the club that was built for fun will have it, be the coffers empty or full!"

## Officers

### FIRST SEMESTER

MYRA KING - - *President*  
JESSIE KILE - *Sec'y and Treas.*

### SECOND SEMESTER

MYRA KING - - *President*  
FRANCES OLIVER *Sec'y and Treas.*



## The Student Self-Government of Rockford College

PRACTICALLY the first and the least understood institution which the freshman entering college meets is the Student Self-Government Organization, and her first impressions are often most unpleasant. Petty rules, binding regulations and severe officials ever on the war-path are the phases of it that first call it to her attention, but adjustment soon comes, the old girls fall into the well-known order of things is in and the new girls follow suit, until what at first seemed government by a few reality government by each and all.

And this is our ideal, to have it, in truth as well as in essence, Self-government as opposed to Student government, not an idealistic, sentimental theory impossible of attainment, but rather public sentiment upheld and lived up to by all—not House Committee versus the girls, but the girls with House Committee, at one and on a par. Let the one remember that girls are girls, and fun is fun, let the other be mindful that the best one can do is not always the right, and let both be characterized by fair judgment, wholesome sympathy and common sense.

R. R. H. '12.

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### Officers

RUTH HATHAWAY       -       -       -       *House President*

SARAH EBERLY       -       *Secretary of House Committee*

MILDRED WOOD, MARION HULL, RUTH MITCHELL



## The Glee Club

**T**HE Glee club is most fortunate this year, not only in having an increased membership, but also in having the direction once more of Signorina De Fabritiis. The past year Signorina De Fabritiis spent abroad in a very profitable season with Signor Pauzoni of the Royal conservatory, Florence, Italy.

The annual concert of the club was given March fifteenth with the assistance of Miss Margaret L. Mulford of Chicago, soloist, and Miss Erna Lynn, accompanist, a graduate music student of Rockford.

# Glee Club Members

HELEN KIRKPATRICK	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
MARION WHITE	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

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<p>*Ainslee, Helen  Allen, Norma  Andrews, Mae  *Barber, Ruth  *Baldwin, Gladys  *Bailey, Irene  Beaty, Enid  Bert, Mary  Bierhaus, Lloyd  *Bradley, Carol  Buck, Ruth  Cavanaugh, Maud  Clark, Helen  *Corwin, Sylvia  *Daugherty, Maud M.  Eis, Florence  *Fill, Hazel  *Floberg, Maria Linnea  Forsburg, Ruth Ellen  Fuller, Margaret  *Finnerud, Mahren  *Garret, Clyda  Godfrey, Caroline  *Hayward, Helen  Hinchliff, Vera  *Hazelton, Elizabeth  Helmer, Jane  *Karlson, Lois  Keyt, Elice  Kirkeeng, Alma  *Kirkpatrick, Helen</p>	<p>*Kirkpatrick, Edith  Madison, Frances  *McAdow, Sciota  Merrill, Dorothy  Miller, Bertha  *Ostrom, Beatrice  Prien, Olive  Radcliffe, Sadie  *Rathburn, Laura  Robie, Eva  Sager, Mabel  Skillman, Etta  Snow, Marcia  Stonehouse, Ada  Stone, Julia  Shukert, Isabel  Tribou, Helen  Thomas, Ruth  *True, Katherine  Tuite, Margaret  Ulrici, Marie  VanAlstine, Enid  Waller, Maie  *Wheeler, Grace  Weldon, Myrtle  White, Marion  *White, Lucile  Williams, Agnes  Wuerker, Cora  Youngs, Antoinette</p>
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\*Members of Semi-Chorus





SIGNORINA CAROLINA DE FABRITIIS

# Program

## PART I

*Warner*  
*Lynes*  
*Jewell*

Flowers Awake  
Sway To and Fro  
Mammy Coon

GLEE CLUB

*Grieg*

{ Zur Rosenzeit  
{ Morgenthau

*Johns*

{ L'Agoine  
{ Soupir

MISS MULFORD

*Stewart*

Pastoral

SEMI-CHORUS

College Songs

{ The School For Girls  
{ There's A College  
{ Purple and White  
{ The Tolo Club  
{ Mail Time

GLEE CLUB

## PART II

*Hadley*  
*Chadwick*

How It Happened  
In A China Shop

GLEE CLUB

*Salter*  
*Harris*

Lullaby  
A Bowl of Roses

SEMI-CHORUS

*Mary Turner Salter*

{ The Cry of Rachel  
{ Contentment  
{ Come to the Garden, love  
{ My Dear

MISS MULFORD

*Koch*  
*Hahn* (by request)  
*Beach*

Spring's Greeting  
If my songs had airy pinions  
The Year's at the Spring

"Toast" to Rockford College

GLEE CLUB

# The Dramatic Club

THE year of nineteen eleven and twelve came to find the Dramatic Club in its third successful year. The object of the organization has been to foster dramatics among the girls, by producing several plays at intervals during the year. The Dramatic Club work is distinctly separate from the Commencement play, and is under the supervision of the club girls and one faculty adviser. This year there are thirty-four members enrolled.

## Members

NORMA F. ALLEN	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
ALMA YANKEY	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Business Manager</i>
SADIE RADCLIFFE	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Norma F. Allen	Dorothy Merrill
Gladys Baldwin	Frances Oliver
Irene Bailey	Beatrice Ostrom
Helen Bartlett	Irene Peterson
Enid Beaty	Sadie Radcliffe
Hedwig Broderson	Elizabeth Roberts
Lois Carlson	M. Schulz
Maud R. Cavanaugh	Edna Smith
Lorena Day	Genevieve Stump
Florence Eis	Alice Talbot
Bernice Geddes	Charity Tibbets
May Granger	Ethel Trout
Mary Jamieson	Helen Weiser
Hazel Koch	Leila White
Myra King	M. White
Catherine Landon	M. Wood
Frances Loomis	Alma Yankey



## The Athletic Association

LAST year the Athletic Association was organized as more or less of an experiment. This year it has succeeded in securing for itself a permanent basis by stimulating general interest in college athletics, particularly the out door work, and by presenting a beautiful silver cup to the winning team on Field Day.

The Association is planning to fit out a new Tennis court this year and also to add some new gymnasium apparatus in addition to the balance-beams and the horse which it has already added.

There was unusually good material from which to select Hockey and Basket-Ball teams this year and the enthusiasm of the practice games as well as the splendid team work and the sportsmanlike spirit of the final games proves the partial realization of the Associations Ideals—strength of body—strength of character.

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## The Members of the Council

Norma Allen	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
Mildred Wood	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
Sara Pollock	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
Helen Buck	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>
	Jenn Brown			Enid Beaty				
	Katherine True			Dorothy Merrill				

## Ralla Staff

Editor-in-Chief

SARA ALICE POLLOCK, 1913

Assistant Editor

ANTOINETTE YOUNGS, 1913

Literary Editor

JEAN GILLETTE ANDERSON, 1913

Exchange Editor

RUTH WOOD, 1914

Associate Editors

MYRA HOWELL KING, 1912

KATHERINE MADDOCK, 1915

FRANCES MADISON, 1914

GERTRUDE JOHNSON, 1915

C. FRANCES LOOMIS, 1915

RUTH MEAD, 1915

Alumnae Editor

ENID MAUNE BEATY, 1913

Art Editor

KATHLEEN HOOLE, 1913

Compiling Editor

MARY BERT, 1915

Business Manager

MARY BROWN, 1912

Assistant Business Manager

MAIE WALLER, 1913





# The Classical Club



EVERY other Friday afternoon the Classical Club meets in the Junior Room to talk of the days when Greece and Rome were great.

Papers and discussions are the order of the day, but the club is not so high-browed as to disdain sewing or refreshments. The year began with a meeting at the home of Miss Waites, the faculty adviser, when plans were laid for a Latin play to be given in translation, early in the spring. The "Captivi" of Plautus was chosen. On the

twelfth of January the club held a Roman banquet, which the guests attended dressed in Roman costume. The conversation was in Latin, and following the ancient custom, the guests reclined upon couches during the meal.

At the beginning of the second semester the new Freshmen members were admitted with an initiation as awesome as any Eleusinian mysteries ever could have been. The new members with the old have succeeded in making the year a splendid success.

## Members

Elice Keyt	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
Meriam LeCompte	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
Margaret Norton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>

Anderson, Jean  
Barnett, Grace  
Blair, Mabel  
Bundy, Dorothy  
Cavanaugh, Maud  
Hathaway, Ruth  
Hoole, Kathleen  
Johnson, Sylvia  
King, Myra  
Loomis, Frances  
Maack, Marguerite

Maddock, Kathryn  
Osborne, Edith  
Peterson, Irene  
Pollock, Sara  
Smith, Sylvia  
Stump, Genevieve  
Radcliffe, Sadie  
Rhodes, Louise  
Trahern, Helen  
Weiser, Helen



## Modern English Club

**A**LTHOUGH last year was the initial year for the Modern English Club of Rockford College, its success has not been determined by the length of its existence. The work planned for the present year has made possible many delightful and profitable hours for the members interested in contemporary literary productions and their authors. The first semester was devoted to a study of the Irish drama. For twelve years, now, the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, with its little group of earnest workers and believers, has been producing Irish plays for Irish people, with the sole object of showing Ireland that it has a national literature and can have a national theatre. It is with some of the plays here produced that the club has been dealing: Synge's "Riders to the Sea" and "Play-boy of the Western World;" Yeat's "Countess Cathleen," and "Shadowy Waters." The second semester was given to the study of Contemporary English drama and dramatists, supplemented by informal reports on current literature.

### Members

#### ACTIVE

BEATY, ENID	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
POLLOCK SARA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice-President</i>
OSTROM, BEATRICE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
Anderson, Jean								Kirkeeng, Ahua
Avery, Anne								Koch, Hazel
Barnett, Grace								Lloyd, Helen
Beaty, Enid								Loomis, Frances
Blair, Mabel								Maddock, Kathryn
Cavanaugh, Maud								Madison, Frances
Eberly, Sarah								Masten, Adele
Edwards, Dorothy								Mead, Ruth
Forsberg, Ruth								Mead, Esther
Gillett, Bessie								McFarland, Mary
Hess, Gertrude								Norton, Margaret
Hoole, Kathleen								Ostrom, Beatrice
King, Myra								Peterson, Irene
								Pepple, Marjorie
								Pollock, Sara
								Prien, Olive
								Reid, Jessie
								Ransom, Roberta
								Sells, Dorothy
								Tibbets, Charity
								True, Katherine
								Waller, Maie
								White, Leila
								Williams, Agnes
								Wood, Ruth
								Youngs, Antionette

#### ASSOCIATE

Miss Crowell	Miss Church	Miss Castro	Miss Wright
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## The Deutscher Verein



The Deutscher Verein is now flourishing in its second year. As the name indicates, it is a club founded for pleasure, but as the members, agree it is founded *solely* for pleasure. We meet on Thursday night every other week and proceed to pass the evening in the most enjoyable way. No problem plays to study and discuss, no involuntary attention required at all—that's not our kind. We just pile pillows to fill up all the curves or angles (as the case may be) of our backs, and comfortably sew or crochet or even sit idle while Fräulein Behrens guides us in our fancy through Deutschland's unsurpassed scenery or reads a romance of the blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl and the bold and dashing officer. Nor do we have to worry about using correct English! We just carry on our conversation in German and have no difficulty at all. 'Tis an effort to understand if one speaks English!

It would seem so far that there is no material side to our Verein, but this is not the case. At just the right time, good fairies serve us with the daintiest of sandwiches and salad, and give us the rarest coffee to drink, as all good Germans do! Then when it is about time for tardy to ring, we begin to sing, and the pathetic way we render "Der Tyroler und Sein Kind" is only equalled by the patriotism of "Die Wacht am Rhein" and the enthusiasm of "O Tempora, O Mores." But just as the sad and tragic end of "der Schiffer" is being soulfully sung in "Die Lorelei," Vic appears and orders us out, not always politely, and we all troop to Main and stumble happily up the back stairs to be welcomed back by envious stay-at-homes.

With such a care-free evening as this, it is not difficult to realize why our club is among the most prosperous of the day. This year four hard-working and deserving Freshmen were admitted to our select circle and they have proved themselves valuable members.

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JEAN ANDERSON	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
ENID BEATY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

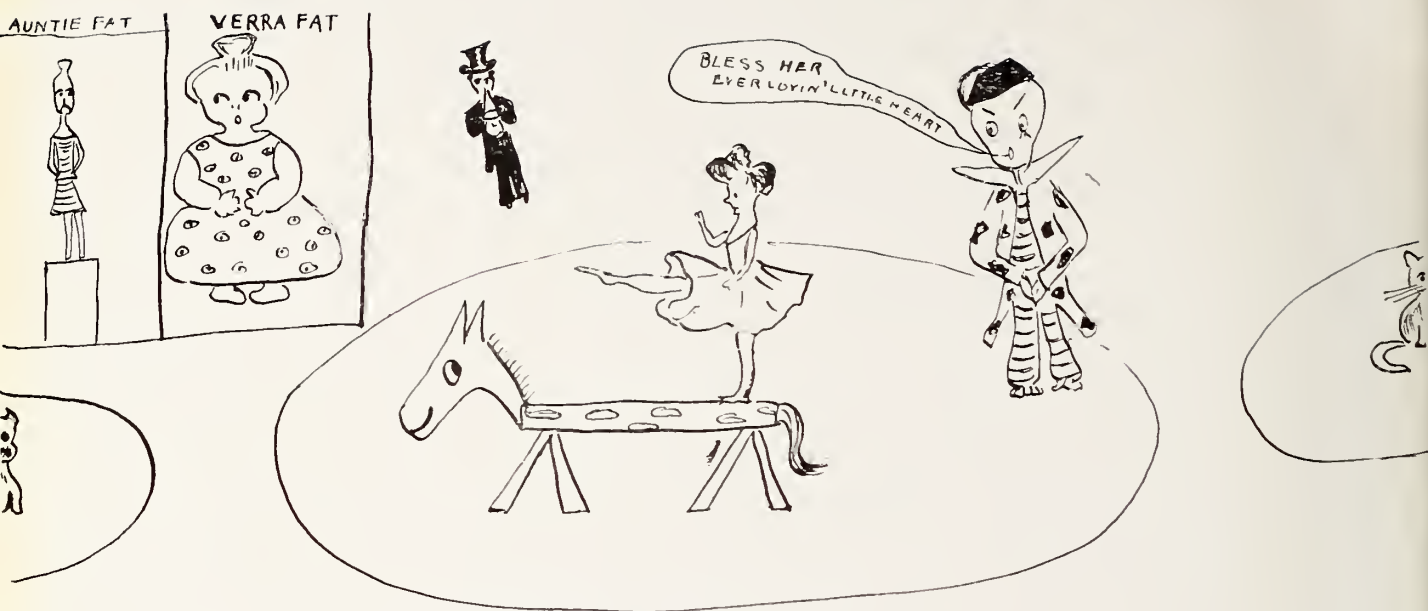
Cornelia Brown	Isabel Shukert
Hedwig Brodersen	Ruth Thomas
Irene Bailey	Alma Yankey
Ruth Gilbert	Enid Van Alstyne
Frances Oliver	Marion White
Sara Pollock	Leila White
Genevieve Stump	Cora Wuerker

Fraulein Behrens—Associate member



# SOCIETY





## Tolo Initiation

ON the seventh day of October there was a hustle and a bustle and a mystery in the air; the sound of hammering and sawing; oddly shaped figures scurrying across the court, their arms filled with mysterious bundles. It was the day of the Freshman circus and the Freshmen were most importantly busy. In the evening the fruits of their labors were proudly displayed. When the upperclassmen and the faculty assembled in the gym, they saw before them three saw dust rings, carefully staked out, and rising around them the white walls of the "tent." There was a peculiar movement behind the screens at the end of the room—a burst of weird music and the grand parade began. But such a parade as that was! First, pompons in his dress suit, marched the manager, leading the famous German band. Then followed the most heterogeneous assortment of man and beast that has ever been seen on land or sea. There were monkeys and clowns, cats, wild Indians, dogs, trapeze performers, ballet girls, seals, fat, thin, bearded, and spotted ladies, snake charmers, and some weird nameless creatures that defy description. Even the stage hands and the little peanut boys took part in the parade.

The first number on the program was music by the German band. It was really marvelous—the harmonious and soul-inspiring melodies produced. Here von Leuderloiner Splittendorfer, of mammoth proportions, favored us with a selection on the trombone. Never have we heard such enchanting music (nor hope to, ever again). Then the circus was on in full swing. There were “stunts” innumerable. Professor Landon’s monkeys and Professor True’s dog and seals showed almost human intelligence. Professor Eis presented a “human drum” whose music rivaled in sweetness, the strains of the German band. Miss Mathilda Stratelace exhibited her trained cats, but this act was brought to an untimely end by the sudden appearance of Professor True’s dog from whom the cats fled in terror. The hearts of the spectators were filled with sorrow at the sight of a wan female with a fiery mane, who was vainly attempting to climb an imaginary ladder, without end. The trapeze performers were very good, and so was a little ballet dancer, all in blue, and two merry Jack tars who did a horn-pipe. There were two acts that were really thrillers; one was a daring exhibition of bare-back riding by three dauntless maidens, and the other a chariot race—gorgeous Roman chariots drawn by fiery steeds. And we really musn’t forget to mention the clowns. All evening long they were tireless in their efforts to amuse. Will we ever forget that pathetic rendering of “Bless your ever lovin’ little heart?”

After the last grand act was over the whole Freshman class rushed together and burst into song. The audience had only a hazy idea of the words they sang, but at least they were able to gather that the Freshmen girls were good old sports after all, and thoroughly glad to be really Rockford girls at last.

C. F. L. '15



## The Hallowe'en Party



Take my advice, if you ever have the luck to get out of this world, don't come back unless you know the rules. One night every year, St Peter oils the rainbow and lets the spirits slide down to earth for an annual constitutional. Up to the eventful night of which I shall speak, I had always refused to go, knowing the effect a sudden change of atmosphere would have on my bones, which were so stiff that the rest of the Bones called me "Lime." Besides this reason, the climb back up the golden stair in the pale, grey morning after, called up much too vividly, painful recollections. It took strong persuasion to get me to run the risk but at last they prevailed. "Come on Lime," they said, "renew your youth! We'll run into some rare spook parties and frighten them a bit."

And down we slid. After one wild dip, I found myself without my companions in a dark, box like room, very stuffy, and lined with white sheets on brooms. Recovering from the shock, and fumbling nervously, I at last found my second sight under my vest pocket rib and then nearly jumped out of my periosteums at the sight I beheld. There was the very Devil himself shooting sparks over in the corner. Before I could dodge, the old fellow saw me, and without warning winked a large knowing wink at me. "It's a spook dance," he hissed in a stage whisper, "they don't know they have the real things. Let's give them a little of real Hades. It wouldn't hurt them—college girls are too liable to think we are all a farce."

Suddenly the door opened, revealing a gay picture of yellow lights and swaying figures, and a green, grey, wooly thing that looked like a Mellon's Food advertisement, followed by an excited, trembling throng, much beyond description. The door shut, the wooly thing raised one of its wooly appendages and said in a sepulchral tones "Beware of the River Styx, my brethren," as one girl stumbled over the twigs in the pan of water in the doorway. "Here, here is the King of the Lower World. Don't be afraid, ladies, we have him chained." As it rattled the chain on the devil's hoof, a sudden snort and a blinding glint from Satan through his tin eye sent the guide and the shivering crowd into a panic. I reached down, comfortingly, and grasped the hand of a strong minded looking individual with a "Votes for Woman"



placard. With a scream, she wilted, and sank fainting into the arms of her escort, who looked gratefully at me as he slyly removed the sign board. The rest of the crowd were running madly about in the dark, groaning and weeping, so I slipped out through the door to verify my first fascinating glimpse.

In the room hung with jack-o-lanterns for lights, banked with yellow corn stalks, and draped with graceful bands of black and yellow, danced a merry throng. "Aha!" thought I, as I saw a beautiful Turkish maiden gliding by with a Russian count, "this is something like! I didn't expect to see *all* my friends. Wonder if they knew I was coming? Now for a dance." With eager rattling of my bones, I stepped up to a neat little nurse, who had known me well before she made bones of me. With a blank stare, she cut me dead.

"No need to try that again," said I bitterly. "You cut me dead enough once," and passed on. Surely there would be plenty of others. But school girls, flower girls, witches, Dutch maidens, Indian squaws, college graduates, nurse girls, gypsy charmers, all danced merrily by without a glance of recognition. Even my old Klu Klux Klan regarded me with suspicion when I gave them the fraternal grip. As I walked alone on the edge of the throng, even the jack-o-lanterns smoked on indifferently and the corn stalks turned their ears away.

What was wrong! Was there no way to "get through?" Was it mortal to forget—and immortal to remember? Was there nothing on earth which would treat me as in olden times? Then I saw the punch bowl. Cider! Here was my chance. I knew what cider ought to do if I drank enough of it. If there was to be any hope for me, here was the proof. I drank with a vengeance, one glass full after another. Oh! the delightful dizzy, hazy feeling! There was hope! And just then I felt a presence beside me and looked up to see another skeleton gazing at me intently. With fervor, I shook his hand.

"Is it the same with you?" I whispered happily. "Are you, too, down, and out of it all?"

"No," said he. "Don't you know the secret of it?"

Despairingly I shook my head. "Tell me quickly," I cried.

"How long have you been out?" he asked.

"Ever since," I replied meaningly.

"Aha! No wonder!" he cried with gusto. "Do you really want to know how to keep from becoming a truly 'dead one?'"

"I do," said I solemnly.

Punching me in the ribs confidentially, he leaned over and whispered "Come to the Rockford College Hallowe'en Party every year from now on."

And I will.

E. M. B. '13



## The Mock Wedding

**A**LITTLE before eight o'clock, on the evening of October the twenty-eighth, the ushers were busily engaged in escorting the guests, the Sophomores, to seats in the Senior-Sophomore room, which had been converted into a chapel. A wide aisle ran thru the middle, leading to the improvised altar, that was formed of palms, ferns, chrysanthemums and hanging baskets.

All was expectancy. A general buzz of excitement was easily noticeable among the audience. As the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March were heard, some few peered over their shoulders to see who were coming, while others, for fear of appearing over-curious, kept their eyes rigidly fixed on the altar before them.

Four ribbon bearers entered with ropes of smilax to form an aisle for the bridal party. Behind them, came the two bridesmaids in white dresses, with arm bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums, followed by the maid of honor, gowned in yellow satin and carrying an arm bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The little flower-girl came next with her pretty basket of petals, strewing them in great profusion before—her, who gowned in exquisite white satin with trimmings of real lace, and enveloped in a long veil caught

to her coiffure with a handsome brooch, the gift of the groom, came in on the arm of her father, Mr. François La Chapelle, with her eyes lowered, but with her face radiant with eager anticipation.

At the same time the clergyman, bride-groom, and best man advanced from a side entrance. All was silent save for the soft distant echo of Nevins' Love Song. Slowly and with accents deep and sonorous, spoke the clergyman:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here, out of sight of faculty, and trustees, of Juniors and Freshmen, and in the face of this company, to join together this Human and this Woman in fragile matrimony; which is a delicate estate, instituted by man in the time of his innocency. I require and charge ye both as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment before house committee, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not lawfully be joined together after Tardy, ye do now confess it.

"Algernon Augustus, wilt thou have this woman to be thy dreaded wife, to live together after Tardy in the fragile estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in violets and Educators, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both will have senior duties?"

"I will" said the groom.

"Guinivere Hortense, wilt thou have this hu-man to be thy dreaded husband, etc?"

"I will," quavered the bride.

"With this ring, I thee wed, and with all my worldly goodie-goodies, I thee endow. In the name of Rockford College, is now and evermore shall be, she is a perfect lady."

"Forasmuch as these two have consented together in fragile dreadlock, and have witnessed the same before this heterogeneous company, and have thereto brought their troth to a sorry plight, each to the other, and have declared the same by borrowing and loaning this ring, and by holding hands; I pronounce them crush and crushee, in name a farce, but in flame."

After the service, the triumphant Wedding March of Lohengrin (together with a hearty chivaree, made by spectators outside the windows) was heard, and the guests, preceded by the bridal party, were ushered into the dining room, a veritable Japanese garden in the cherry blossom season, where light refreshments were served. The numerous and useful wedding presents were then admired; hearty congratulations were given and received, "good-nights" were exchanged, and Adams Hall was again silent.

A. C. W. '12



## The Winter Promenade

Between Thanksgiving and Christmas,  
When through our note books we plod,  
Comes a pause in our active industry  
For what's known as the Fall Promenade.

**I**F you had happened to slip in among the guests on the evening of December ninth, nineteen hundred and eleven, you would have participated in one of Rockford's loveliest parties. Because of the size of our youngest class, the Freshmen, we were obliged to limit the lists to the members of the upper classes, and to you, a former visitor, the faces must have seemed strangely familiar.

The reception line formed in Middle Hall at seven o'clock, and at seven-thirty the guests were escorted through John Barnes Hall to the gymnasium. The gymnasium itself was also in holiday gayety, with ceiling and walls covered with southern smilax, and glowing warmly with its shaded lights, while from the far end, came the opening chords of the orchestra which was partially screened from view. The new hall in the



John Barnes' Dormitory, which opens into the gymnasium was filled with comfortable chairs and cushions and there were two frappé tables for use between the dances.

The refreshments could not have been better,  
The frappé made a stand and held out  
In the hands of a careful conductor  
Music stopped, by the bell, on the dot.

#### RECEPTION LINE

Miss Kathleen Hoole	President Gulliver
Miss Agnes Williams	Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes, Jr.
Miss Meta Schulz	Rev. and Mrs. N. B. Clinch
Miss Helen Tribou	Mrs. Seely Perry
Miss Castro	Miss Baird

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## The Freshman Informal

On the thirteenth of January the Freshmen held their Informal in the gymnasium. As it was their only dance they did their utmost to make it a success. The class president, Ruth Mitchell, was elected chairman. Those on the various committees were:

DECORATION.—Eva Hulson, Helen Kirkpatrick.

PROGRAM.—Helen Kirkpatrick, Grace Garrett.

MUSIC.—Sylva Corwin, Helen Heffron.

REFRESHMENT.—Annette Shoudy, Eva Robie.

The decorations in Gymnasium Hall were lavender and green. A false ceiling of green was put in and the lights were covered with lavender shades. Palms and ferns in the corners made a charming back ground for the dancers, and with chairs and rugs, the annex was converted into a comfortable retreat between dances. The music, which was excellent, was furnished by Duracher of Chicago. The chaperons for the evening were President Gulliver, Mrs. Chambers, Miss Ruth Hathaway, Miss Agnes Williams, Miss Mildred Wood, and Miss Norma Allen.

## The Pudding

**T**AKE a bunch of jolly goodnatured Juniors. Put them in the gymnasium at Rockford College. Have them hang rugs on the wall between each window. Have them hang up large red umbrellas here and there. Have them drape everything with red streamers, intermingled with boughs of green. Add to that a stage fixed comfortably for onlookers. Sift wax all over the floor. Add together lights turned low and swinging music. Mix well with Freshmen, ready for some fun, and stir in many lovely favors, lots of pretty dance figures, and some good dancers. Flavor with delicious punch between every dance. Keep cool about one hundred girls for three hours and a half. Try this at any time of year and it will succeed if the directions are followed carefully.

S. C. '15

## The Sauce

**S**IFT a few drops of Junior pepper to each of eight heaping spoonfuls of generous Freshmen dough. Stir up thoroughly with the farce of Aunt Mary in her Rejuvenation, after having poured mixture into a theatre. Moisten with sobs until quite soft, dashing in a good quantity of strong, healthy laughter. (Use your judgment here. Mitchell's brand preferred). When just at the boiling point, beat it out of the theatre. If directions have been followed carefully, it should, when poured out in a cold place, not "set" but "run"—home.

E. M. B. '13

N. B. To be fully appreciated, this sauce should not be served until pudding is quite cold.



## The Mock Promenade

**T**HE Mock Prom this year was a mighty affair  
And all those who ran it were burdened with care  
They suffered and struggled and worked for a week  
And gay decorations they went far to seek.

Dinner parties occurred on that memorable night  
Each gentleman had a fair dame on his right  
The flirting and ogling was shocking to see  
And with chocolate cigars came most gay repartee.

When dinner was o'er, to the hall they made way  
And at half after seven they stood in array;  
The fair Helen Hayward was head of the line  
And in wonderful splendor did glitter and shine.

The stately Miss Bramhall with drops in her ears  
Made the maidens all jealous, exciting their fears.  
The gentlemen knew her as Mrs. Von Rich  
And when once they had met her, their ladies they'd ditch.

One gentleman came, of exceeding great height  
His legs were too long and his trousers too tight;  
His knees could not bend as he mounted the stair,  
And did anyone see him accepting a chair?

One amorous maid asked her true love, a swain  
Who hailed from the country; his clothes made it plain;  
He wore a gray suit, with a coat to his knees,  
And trousers that tripped him, when he wished most to please.

From all parts of the country they came here that night  
And the hearts that they broke were too many to cite.  
A young devil, Courtney, made conquests galore;  
In dancing, his coat-tails flapped fit to adore.

Had we space we could tell you of many things rare,  
Of all that occurred and of those who were there.  
Just one word in closing—to you we would say,  
If next year you're asked, why don't stay away.

C. Y. B. '13

## "Cupid at Vassar"



"CUPID at Vassar!" Sounds good, doesn't it? Suffice it to say to the eager reader that it was thoroughly a Rockford College "stunt," prepared with due care and painstaking, and placed before the public gaze as a perfected production of the infant Dramatic Club. There is no doubt that the attitude of a large and kindly disposed audience "covers a multitude of skins," yet earnest endeavor and final results cannot be overlooked. Nothing could have been more fascinating than Kate's smiles and tears; nothing more real than John's love-making, and Amos North's self consciousness; nothing more spontaneous than Hank's yarns, Helen's giggle and Shiny's aptness.

### "Cupid at Vassar"

BY OWEN DAVIS

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Willett	A young Architect	Gladys Baldwin
Amos North	of North & Son, Bankers	Helen Weiser
Shiny	A Lazy Darkey	Florence Eis
Hank Gubbin	The "Hired Man"	Leila White
Mrs. Newton	of Great Falls, Vermont	Alice Talbott
Kate	Her Daughter	Lorena Day
Wanda	Kate's Half Sister	Edna Smith
Miss Page	College Instructor	Maud Cavanaugh
Sally Webb	Kate's Roommate at Vassar	Enid Beaty
Helen Conway	A Winning Freshman	Myra King
Matty Hart	Vassar Girls	Mildred Wood
Alice Worth		Lois Karlson

#### SYNOPSIS

- ACT I Scene: Sitting Room in Kate's Home in Vermont  
(At the Old Home)
- Act II Scene: Kate's Room, In A Senior Double  
(At Vassar)
- Act III Scene: Same as Act I. Christmas Vacation
- Act IV Scene: College Campus at Vassar  
(Graduation Day)



## The Valentine Party

THE very hearts that covered the walls of the Gym, making it a Cupid's Den, turned pale with apprehension. The red cupids wavered and lost their sureness of aim. For what is love without music! Verily, it seemed the love god would lack sport this Valentine eve,—and the shame of it, when such right good game had been cornered for the occasion! Something had to be done! Was our good time to be spoiled just because our professional orchestra had failed to show up? Perish the thought! And though some people may have felt like calling for the "hook" when the amateur performance began with "Whats the Matter with Father" for a Grand March, no one knew but Cupid, and he didn't care! For

Though the music was sad,  
The dancers were glad.

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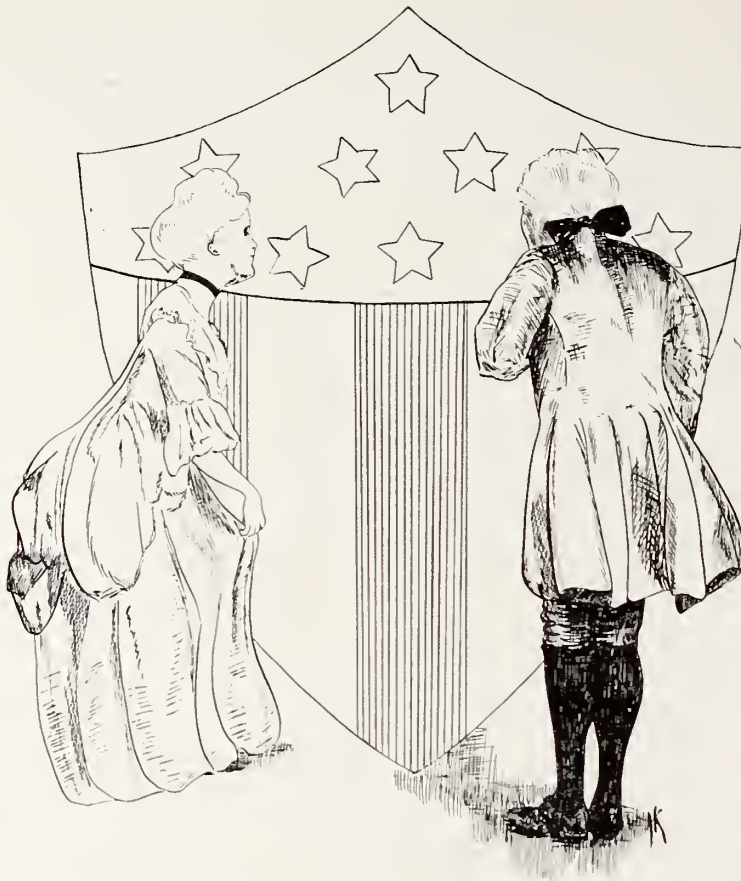
## The Sophomore-Senior Breakfast

The Sophs were in a muddle  
Just wondering what to do;  
"A dance is lots of trouble  
And falls upon a few.

Receptions are so stupid  
From teas, deliver, Fate!  
A box seat at the Orpheum  
For Seniors, too sedate."

The question stood unanswered,  
"What do the Seniors *need?*"  
Then some one solved the problem.  
"For sure, it is a feed!"

So at the scrumptious Nelson  
The Sophs called for the best,  
The fat and healthy Seniors  
Can testify the rest.



## The Washington Party

**T**HE trustees, faculty, numerous guests, and the students were royally entertained on February seventeenth by the Seniors and Sophomores. The event was the Washington party, for which Rockford College possesses widespread fame, and into the spirit of which every one enters with the utmost zeal.

At six o'clock each gallant gentleman led his fair lady to the dining room, which was festively decorated in accordance with the spirit of the occasion. In the center of each table was an artistic center piece composed of a basket of brilliant red flowers. Red, white and blue shields hung from the edges of the tables, and tiny red hatchets served as place cards. The only light in the room was that given by the four candles on each table. These candles were covered with ingenious red shades which cast a glow over the quaint costumes, powdered hair and bright faces of those around the tables.

A delicious dinner was served and after it was over the fair dames and their gallants gathered around the piano at the end of the dining hall and sang a toast to Rockford College with lusty enthusiasm. The couples were then sent to the gymnasium, which was resplendent in its display of patriotism. The



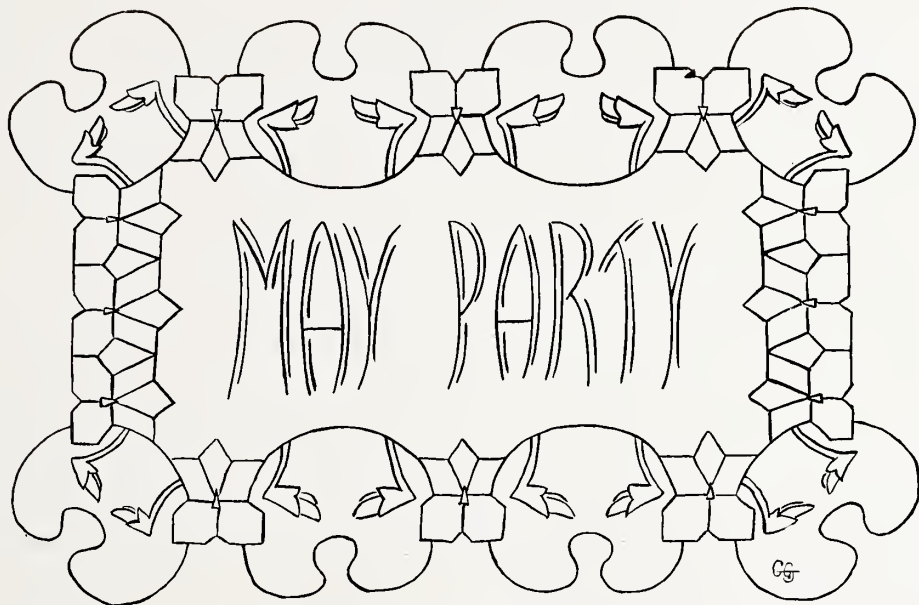
THE MINUET

ceiling and walls were covered with flags and other symbolic emblems which should not fail to stir the heart of every true American.

As soon as the onlookers were seated, the stately chords of the minuet were heard, and the old time dance was gracefully performed by the Misses Mildred Wood, Helen Tribou, Marcia Snow, Cecil Palmeter, Frances Madison, Mary McFarland, Katherine Landon, Jane Helmer, Kathleen Hoole, Lois Carlson, Jenn Brown, Lloyd Beerhaus, Gladys Baldwin, Dorothy Bundy, Irene Bailey and Helen Ainslee. Watching the dancers tread their stately measures in the dim mellow light of the gayly festooned room, we might easily have believed ourselves transported back to the quaint old times when our early forefathers fought, labored, and loved. Everyone sat spellbound until the dignified cavaliers escorted their charming partners to their seats and then all the couples formed for the grand march. It was led by Miss Agnes Williams, president of the Senior class, and Miss Jenn Brown, president of the Sophomore class. In their wake followed the gorgeously costumed ladies and their handsomely attired escorts. The picturesque line paced slowly around the gymnasium, and in the course of the march formed the letter R. Attractive white programs, the covers of which were adorned with "Old Glory" were soon filled out, and the dancing began. All too rapidly did the minutes slip by, as dreamy waltzes followed rollicking two-steps with short intermissions to promenade. When, however, the bell for dispersion rang, the company said good night and went to dream happily of cocked hats and black patches. All felt that the occasion had been one of the most charming they had ever witnessed, and complimented the Seniors and Sophomores heartily on their ability as hostesses. Our only wish is that all Washington parties which shall be given in the years to come may be as great successes as that of 1912. E. V. '15.







## When I Was a Page

**S**PRING had come, and the time was drawing very near when our village should crown the new Queen of Beauty. For no matter how lovely and bewitching the queen who has held sway over our hearts, every year we crown a new queen on the first of May. All things were ready, for the event was to take place on the morrow. The ladies-in-waiting had their court gowns all fresh and ready, laid away in tissue paper and lavender. The children had gathered millions of violets and fashioned a crown more wonderful than any of diamonds or sapphires. But no where in all the realm could they find a lad, who could serve as a page.

A page must have long curls falling about his shoulders. He must be slim and straight, but at the same time sturdy and gallant. All the princes had grown too tall for such service and had cut their hair and put on plumed helmets and gone to the wars. Now I am only a village lass, who have always loved to climb trees and run races with the smithy's son—and I not seldom outstrip him, too. I always hated my long hair and wished it cut, but my mother would not. Imagine my surprise when Queen Martha, remembering a service done by my father, gave commands that I should dress as a page and lead the May-day procession. My mother—much to my grief—put my straight hair in curlers and I scarce slept the whole night with the excitement and those bumps on my head.

Soon after mid day a great crowd assembled on the green slope north of the Castle. The procession formed on the western side and proceeded



around the Palace of my Lord Adams. About twenty paces behind me came Queen Martha of Dnnton and then the Maid of Honor, the court ladies, the villagers and the players, all in very fine array. They stood around the throne while the Queen took her seat. I thought she looked somewhat sad with her wreath of withered violets, the crown of last year. She nodded to me and I sped over the green grass to Adams' Palace.

There, in royal purple and purest white, came the new queen, divinely tall and e'en then crowned by the gods with richest gold. I lifted her train over the roadway and she passed on to the throne,

while the people raised a great cheer. The Maid of Honor placed on her head the violet crown and she in return crowned the old queen with forget-me-nots.

Then followed much festivity; folk dances were given by the villagers and a tale of the awakening of a Crocus was enacted for us, for it was woven in music and dances by an ancient bard and his band of strollers. At sunset a great banquet was served on the western slope of the castle grounds and always I sat at the feet of my queen.



That night I gave back my suit of white satin and my purple mantle and became just a common village lass once more. But in my dreams I was a purple and white bird, flying over the grass to sing a song of greeting to Bertha, the new queen of May.

M. H. K. '12.



## May Day Program

Former Queen of May	Martha Dunton
New Queen of May	Bertha Hunter
Page	Myra King

COURT LADIES:—Clara Arthur, Ruth Ayres, Helen Bartholomew, Jeanette Burke, Lella Fuller.

VILLAGE FOLK—Sara Ayres, Gertrude Hess, Elizabeth Roberts, Miriam Bennett, Marion Hull, Ethel Stewart, Jenn Brown, Edith Kirkpatrick, Helen Tribou, Lucy Brearly, Meredith Knapp, Helen Van Housen, Helen Lloyd, Frances Madison, Jeanette Vaughn, Winifred Cox, Barbara Morgan, Mary Weldon, Iris Evans, Genevieve Morrison, Marion White, Margaret Fuller, Beatrice Ostrom, Bernice White, Helen Hayward, Cecil Palmer, Minna Wikoff, Roberta Ransom, Grace Zuttermeister.

### STROLLERS

Flower	Martha Patrick
Jack Frost	Enid Beaty
Snow	Norma Allen
Thunder	Irma Brand
Lightning	Ruth Rieke
Rain	Jessie Cox, Helen Kirkpatrick, Mildred Wood
Breezes	Esther Duston, Virginia Lewis, Margaret Marbold
Rainbow	Florence Klinkenberg
Sun	Margaret Patet
Piper	Louise Rhodes





## Senior Tree Day

**I**T began one evening in spring, when after lights were out, a small senior flitted about mysteriously from one sophomore room to another, where she whispered her errand, put her finger to her lips, and hurried on her way. At six o'clock the next morning the whole college was well awake, if not up and hurrying about, for we excited sophomores made noise enough to make sleep a thing of the past even for freshmen. And then we were out on the campus, all golden haze, soft green, and gleaming dew, for there never was a more perfect Tree Day in all the history of that ancient custom.

The seniors, sedate in cap and gown, had formed for the procession which precedes the ceremony of planting, and the sophomores happy, chattering, and in most heterogeneous array, scrambled into line and became solemn.

Slowly, and with a wobbly attempt at rhythm we marched around Chapel Hall, down the slope, across the bridge, to a spot where was a gaping hole in the ground, a little tree lying near by, and Gus, bored and sleepy, but ready for action.

Then the seniors left us standing respectfully on the out-skirts, and gathered around the tiny red maple which Gus tucked in the hole and steadied, while libations were poured upon its roots. It was christened with milk, water and wine, the wine being passed by one of our members who



shook with nervousness the while. Each senior then threw a shovel of dirt over the roots of the tree, and Gus finished the business with a few masterful strokes.

So the 1911 tree was planted, and seniors and sophomores marched back together singing lustily, until we reached the steps of Main where we cheered loud and long for the seniors, and made them pose for numerous snap shots. We sang for the college, for the senior class, and for ourselves, until at last, as the breakfast bell pealed out cheerfully, we again joined the seniors in

“Lest old acquaintance be forgot  
And days at old R. C.,  
We plant this maple red today  
With love and loyalty.

And as the months and years roll by  
Our hearts will ever hold  
Fond memories of our friendships here,  
And thoughts of days of old.”

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## Junior Ivy Day

JUST as the sun was rising one beautiful, crisp morning in early May, the jolly Juniors gathered together for the purpose of performing the most important of class ceremonies, namely, the planting of the ivy. The ceremony began by the singing of our ivy song as we marched out of Middle Hall, over the terraces, and around Linden, accompanied by our ever loyal sister classmen, the Freshmen. This song, composed by our literary light, Myra King, is so symbolical of our class spirit that we give it here in order that those who were asleep and did not hear it then may know it now.

Tune—“*The Orange and the Black.*”

Oh, we'll sing a song for Rockford,  
The school we love so well,  
And let the morning echoes  
Our merry chorus swell.  
The tender ivy's growing,  
Safe sheltered by the walls  
Where we have learned and struggled  
Within these stately halls.

We never shall forget you,  
Till sun and stars grow cold  
Be green, O gentle tendrils  
Till we have all grown old.  
All, all, dear Alma Mater  
Who pass this way shall know  
The ivy vine grows lustily  
Because we love you so.

From Linden Hall we marched south to the new dormitory—the new dormitory of which we were all so proud. Our class was the first to have the honor of planting ivy near the stately walls. On the west side overlooking the river, we had selected a place where we were to plant our ivy. Around this we formed a semi-circle, and there the real ceremony took place. Ruth Hathaway, our class president, toasted it first in Greek, breaking the bottle of milk upon it. The Latin toast with the wine was next given by Jessie Kile, and lastly, Myra King toasted it with water in English, “hoping that it may increase and grow until it shall render beautiful the walls of the new dormitory.” A glass of grape juice was then given to everyone, and all drank prosperity and a long and useful life to it.

By this time the sun was fully up, and seven o'clock whistles were blowing, so we retraced our steps, singing college and class songs, and completely enjoying the loveliness of an early spring morning.

In the dining room we all sat down at one large, gayly trimmed table, and partook of an “extra breakfast,” reminiscing our early college days, talking of our former classmates who were not with us, and wondering what the future days held in store for all of us.

Our ceremony ended when we marched late into chapel and the others stood while we took our places.

S. J. E. '12.





THE CHAPEL





## The Vesper Service

THERE is no part of the commencement exercises that affects us with as deep a sense of intimacy and appeal as the baccalaureate address of President Gulliver. This year she chose as her subject the interpretation of the character of Rosalind. Her analysis of the comedy brought into relief the charm of the heroine,—a woman seeming evasive as Wordsworth's "phantom of delight" to a superficial judgment, yet in reality a very "beautiful," but not at all an "ineffectual angel."

"Shakespeare limns for us in Rosalind a woman of womanly sweetness and tenderness and modesty, and yet a woman who does not run shrieking from every mouse-like apparition that crosses her track, but faces her enemies, without and within, with a valor that has been supposed to be mainly a masculine characteristic; a woman who is impetuous, intense, quivering with fine sensibility in every nerve of her, and yet one who goes forth to tame her soul and in that wrestle triumphs; a woman, finally, who sees a joke and is overflowing with wit, who is irrepressible as Puck, as airy and illusive as Ariel, and yet a woman whose truth, whose loving ministry, whose tender care would make any hearthstone a home.

Are there not possibilities here, dear children of the Alma Mater, that make life infinitely worth while?

'All that is transitory  
Is only a symbol;  
The inadequate  
Here becomes reality;  
The indescribable  
Here is done;  
The eternal womanly  
Draws us on and upward.' "



# Vesper Service

ROCKFORD COLLEGE CHAPEL

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Prelude from *Nores de Promethens*

LAURA GRANT SHORT

*Saint-Saens*

Processional—All hail the power of Jesus' name

ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

*W. Scrubsole*

Scripture

HENRY J. HADFIELD

Anthem—Hark! hark, my soul!

ROCKFORD COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

Prayer

REV. THORNTON ANTHONY MILLS

Response—Chant of the Lord's Prayer

ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

Baccalaureate Address—

Rosalind (*Shakespeare's* As You Like It)  
PRESIDENT JULIA H. GULLIVER, Ph.D., LL.D.

Hymn—Now thank we all our God

ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS

*Mendelssohn*

Doxology—(Audience standing)

Benediction

Recessional March

LAURA GRANT SHORT

*James H. Rogers*

## Baccalaureate Service

THE first service of Commencement week of 1911, was held in the Second Congregational church, Sunday morning, June the eleventh. Dr. Gerald Birney Smith of the University of Chicago, delivered the Baccalaureate address to the members of the Senior class, and a large audience of friends. Dr. Smith chose as his theme, "The Ministry of Scholarship," and his text was Mark 10:43; "But whosoever would be great among you shall be your minister."

In discussing the traits essential to a genuine ministry, Dr. Smith said: "It is not enough that one shall have simply the desire to serve. The indispensable prerequisite to ministry is efficiency, fitness, preparation. The inefficient, well meaning, ignoramus may do as much harm as the efficient rascal. Christian ministry is possible only as Christian people possess a distinct fitness for the task which they undertake to do."

He called attention to the fact that in all professions today the necessity for special fitness is recognized, and insistence upon it has now become universal.

He spoke of the large share which the women of today is taking in the modern transformation of ideals; of her work in art, music, churches, settlements, and schools. Because this is true, the last half century has seen an astonishing growth of higher education for women, and the home, woman's supreme sphere, is no longer isolated from the rest of the world, but is now so important a realm, that only the woman of consecrated scholarship can be of greatest service there.

To the graduating class, about to leave their Alma Mater for the duties of life, Dr. Smith said: "You who today celebrate the close of your college course have before you a splendid opportunity to render a much needed service to the world, because of your preparation. You know how to create and to sustain a noble enthusiasm for the true, the good, and the beautiful, by calling to your aid the resources which God has put into the world for those who understand his ways of working. With your idealism and your efficient training, you are supremely called to ministry in our modern world. In the name of Jesus, you are summoned to put your gifts and your ambitions in the service of his cause, thankful that to you is opened so rare an opportunity for that ministry which alone leads to greatness, and the approval of God."

C. N. '11.

# Artist Recital

(MUSICAL ALUMNAE)

JEANNETTE DURNO, PIANIST

Friday Evening, June 9th, 8:15 p. m.

ROCKFORD COLLEGE CHAPEL

## Program

### Part I

Fantasie, opus 17 - - - - - Schumann

Durchaus phantastisch und leiden shaftlich  
(Throughout fantastically and passionately).

Durchaus energisch. (With energy).

Langsam getragen. (Slow and sustained).

Etude, C minor, (in octaves) - - - - - Chopin

Etude, G flat major, ("On the Black Keys") Chopin

Berceuse - - - - - Chopin

Etude, A minor, ("North Wind") - - - - - Chopin

### Part II

Humoresque - - - - - Tchaikowsky

To a Water Lily - - - - - MacDowell

Witches Dance - - - - - MacDowell

Reverie - - - - - R. Strauss

Puck's Dance - - - - - Debussy

Reflections on the Water - - - - - Debussy

La Campanella - - - - - Liszt

## The Tennis Tournament

**I**N the spring time, the college maids' fancy turns to the tennis tournament, and last spring at almost any time of day one could see on the court, enthusiastic girls bounding merrily after the balls which flew in all directions. There was great preparation and planning for the coming tournament. When the time came for the tryouts, several interesting games took place amidst attentive audiences. The winners were Margaret Randler and Florence Klinkenberg of the class of 1913 and Helen Buck and Jenn Brown of 1914. How those girls did put to it, that last week before Commencement! In the evenings the college girls divided their attention between the tennis court where exciting games were being played, and the terraces, where they watched their friends preparing to give "As You Like It." All were eagerly awaiting the great day set for the finals, it being evident that the opponents were very evenly matched.

June twelfth dawned with threatening weather, but the showers of rain which fell at intervals could not interfere with that tournament. Miss Watters and Norma Allen acted as scorekeepers while four of the the girls, Sara Pollock, Iris Evans, Edith Kirkpatrick and Margaret Fuller, who had played in

the tryouts, were linesmen. They were posted near each of the four corners of the court, to note where the balls landed, and to pursue those that went outside.

The first set ended with the score of six to three in favor of the freshmen. The next set proved the evenness of the match when the score came out three to six. The final set was played amidst great shouting and excitement, and when the girls of 1914 won, six to four, the delight of the freshies was unbounded. They rushed happily into Middle Hall where President Gulliver presented the silver cup, reminding the girls that not only had the winners gained a victory in tennis, but the losers had also gained the victory of a generous spirit and self-control.

M. F. '14.







## As You Like It

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Duke, living in banishment	-	-	-	-	Mary Jamieson
Frederick, his brother and usurper of his dominions	-	-	-	-	Marion White
Amiens	{	Lords attending on the banished Duke	{		Marguerite Patet
Jaques					Alice Mo
Le Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick	-	-	-	-	Frances Madison
Charles, wrestler to Frederick	-	-	-	-	Meredith Knapp
Olivia	{	Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys	{		Helen Buck
Jaques					Sara Ayres
Orlando					Beatrice Ostrom
Adam	{	Servants to Oliver	{		Iris Evans
Dennis					Frances Oliver
Touchstone, a clown	-	-	-	-	Virginia Lewis
Sir Oliver-Martext, a vicar	-	-	-	-	Minna Wikoff
Corin	{	Shepherds	{		Mildred Wood
Silvius					Eva Kinzel
William, a country fellow in love with Audrey	-	-	-	-	Helen Tribou
Rosalind, a daughter of the banished Duke	-	-	-	-	Martha Patrick
Celia, daughter of Frederick	-	-	-	-	Myra King
Phebe, a Shepherdess	-	-	-	-	Enid Beaty
Audrey, a country wench	-	-	-	-	Margaret Fuller

Lords, Pages, and attendants.

Scene: Oliver's house, Duke Frederick's court, and the forest of Arden.

General Manager	-	-	Eva Kinzel
Business Manager	-	-	Bertha Hunter
Stage Manager	-	-	Edna Harrer

## As You Like It



combination of a beautiful June night, the singing of the foresters, the clear cut, vitalized acting, with an appreciative audience, made this year's annual Senior play, a splendid success.

After many insistent curtain calls for both the principals of the caste, and for Mr. Henry Hadfield, the trainer, every one present was invited to a reception in the gymnasium. From here, all the guests were shown through the almost completed new dormitory, John Barnes Hall.

**T**O the immense throng filling the natural theatre on the north terrace, the Forest of Arden seemed just "As You Like It."

The hollow to the west of the bridge had been converted into a leafy paradise, where the witty, womanly, and wise Rosalind reigned supreme, winning not alone the heart of the brave Orlando but of all who saw her play the part. We will not soon forget the incomparable Touchstone or the sweet naturalness of Celia, and can still laugh at the memory of Audrey and "Wilum, Sir." The







## Class Day.

C LASS Day dawned bright and fair on the morning of the thirteenth, and the campus became thickly dotted about ten o'clock, with spectators from the college, and from town. As we sat around on pillows and camp chairs waiting for the performance to begin, we could see flitting about through the trees gayly clad creatures—pink, blue, green, lavender,—resembling at that distance nothing ever seen on land nor sea. And then came strains of music—the Alma Mater,—and there presently appeared wending its way over the campus a procession, swaying, and singing lustily, as it came. First the faculty who were to be judges of the events to come, august and impressive, in cap and gown, then the seniors also in the garb of dignity, and following in their wake a long wiggly line of above mentioned bright creatures which turned out to be Greek athletes and dancers. One's first impression was of a long moving picture, including Greek coiffures, wrappings of colored cheese cloth, bows and arrows and other implements, and rapidly moving legs. When, amid much clapping on the part of the spectators, the procession reached the middle of the field, there was a break

in the line, and the faculty and seniors proceeded to the other side of the field, where they sat in imposing array, while the company of performers withdrew to one side to await their cues.

Then the herald, Miss Waites, in correct classical attire, strode into the middle of the field and announced through a trumpet and in Greek, that the games were about to begin.

Thereupon several of the brightly hued non-descripts strove with one another in preliminary races. Upon that followed discus throwing in which mighty strength of muscle was displayed, and then the final race in which participated the winners in the heats. Then the broad jump, and after that the intellectual feast of the occasion. This last consisted in the appearance in turn, of three Greek damsels in the middle of the field, who declaimed in far-away tones, odes of their own composition.

For a time there was great consternation among the the athletes. The target which was to figure in the archery contest refused to be found. The situation looked desperate, until one of the spectators nobly offered up a red sailor hat, bought the week before at an auction for twenty-five cents, for use as a target, and things proceeded comfortably. The hat, stabbed to a tree with a hat pin, suffered not at all. The last of the athletic performances was the tug of war. After each contest the winners betook themselves to the solemn row of judges, where they were crowned with ivy, by President Gulliver, as the chief Hellandicas.

Then followed a series of dances illustrating the Choice of Paris, very gracefully done by Irma Brand, Esther Dustan, Marguerite Patet, and Martha Patrick.

The last event of all was the annual presentation of the cap and gown by the Seniors to the Juniors, in the persons of the two presidents, Martha Dunton and Ruth Hathaway. Then the procession formed again and marched triumphantly back to the college buildings singing this time the Greek song of Archilochus, the music of which was written by Miss Marion Ralston.

The preparation and planning of Class Day this year was done by the Senior Class and the Classical Club, and much credit is due to both for their original and well executed work.



# Commencement Concert

Tuesday Evening, June 13, 1911

At eight o'clock

Rockford College Chapel

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## Programme

- Quartette—Die Walkure *Wagner*  
Misses Bartholomew, Zuttermeister, Lynn and Rhodes
- Voice—Voi, che sapete (Le Nozze di Figaro) *Mozart*  
The Sands of Dee *Clay*  
Miss Lucile White  
(Miss Erma Lynn, Accompanist)
- Organ—Third Sonata in C minor *Alexander Guilmant*  
Prelude—Adagio-Fuga  
Miss Genevieve Newman
- Duo—Suite Algerienne Op. 60 *C. Saint-Saens*  
Reverie du Soir  
March Militaire Francaise  
Misses Cunningham and Doty
- Voice—O mio Fernando (La Favorita) *Donizetti*  
If I were a rose *Hesselberg*  
Miss Helen Kirkpatrick  
(Miss Erma Lynn, Accompanist)
- Piano—Sonata Op. 5 *Richard Strauss*  
Allegro Molto Appassionata, Adagio cantabile, Allegretto Vivo  
Miss Helen Bartholomew
- Organ—Prelude and Fugue in C minor. Bk. IV *Johann Sebastian Bach*  
Miss Clara Arthur
- Piano—Concerto Op. 16 *Greig*  
Allegro Molto Moderato, Adagio, Allegro moderato molto e marcato  
Miss Erma Mae Lynn
- Assisted by Miss Ralston, 2nd piano,  
Messrs. Leach, Miller, McEllwain and Copeland,  
violinist, second violinist, viola player and cellist.

## Commencement

THE final Commencement exercises for the year 1910-1911 were held in College Chapel the morning of June the fourteenth. At the close of the "Concert Overture," played by Mrs. Short, "Jerusalem the Golden" was sung as a Processional by the students as they entered. Following the Scripture lesson and Responsive service, the grand old Alma Mater, dear to the heart of every Rockford College girl, was sung with rousing enthusiasm, after which Rev. Harry F. Dewey delivered the commencement address: "Utilizing the Gift."

Rev. Dewey urged the demand for deeper culture and higher standards of moral character. "What has the world in store for me?" is the question that comes to every girl during the last serious hours of commencement. It is a question no one can answer in advance, but each may know in her heart of hearts that no matter what form the externalities of her life may take, it lies with her and her inner consciousness to live well! Personal effort and achievement are of more value than the gifts of fortune. The alert and active mind is able to utilize the opportunities of the moment, and retain a place in the ever advancing procession of life. To hold in imagination the ideal, the goal of achievement, and yet to give to the simple task in hand the attention and care necessary for its successful accomplishment, is the secret of attainment. "Self denial with increasing application is one of the principles to direct the effort toward living," said Rev. Dewey, quoting from Carlyle: "Do your work and pocket its annoyances in silence—that is the first element in the dream of a well spent life."

But there should be more in life than work; there should be the capacity for enjoying and appreciating its finest things. This ability is attained through culture, and culture comes from the cultivation of the best that is in ourselves, and in our surroundings. It is the indefinable instinct that is able to choose the best where another would take the better, that catches the tone of a situation and is too sensitive to the harmony of life to ever introduce a jarring note.

"Strength and beauty; work and culture—they go hand in hand and are mutually dependent, but there is a third element in the dream of a well spent life—honor." There is a demand for broader culture and greater efficiency, but unless this efficiency be founded in a life that is trying to conform to the divine spirit, it will be of short duration and of fleeting influence. "Culture is not ornamental, nor is it beautiful if it is not benevolent; and character, that finest product, with all its virtues, is but a kind of selfishness, if it is not made the means by which those about us mount to the realization of their better selves."

At the close of the address, Mrs. Katherine Tanner Fisk, one of Rockford's own beloved daughters, sang "Summer Night," by A. Goring Thomas, and "The City," the music of which was composed for Mrs. Fisk by Miss Marion Ralston, Head of the Music Department. M. K. '11.

## Commencement Program

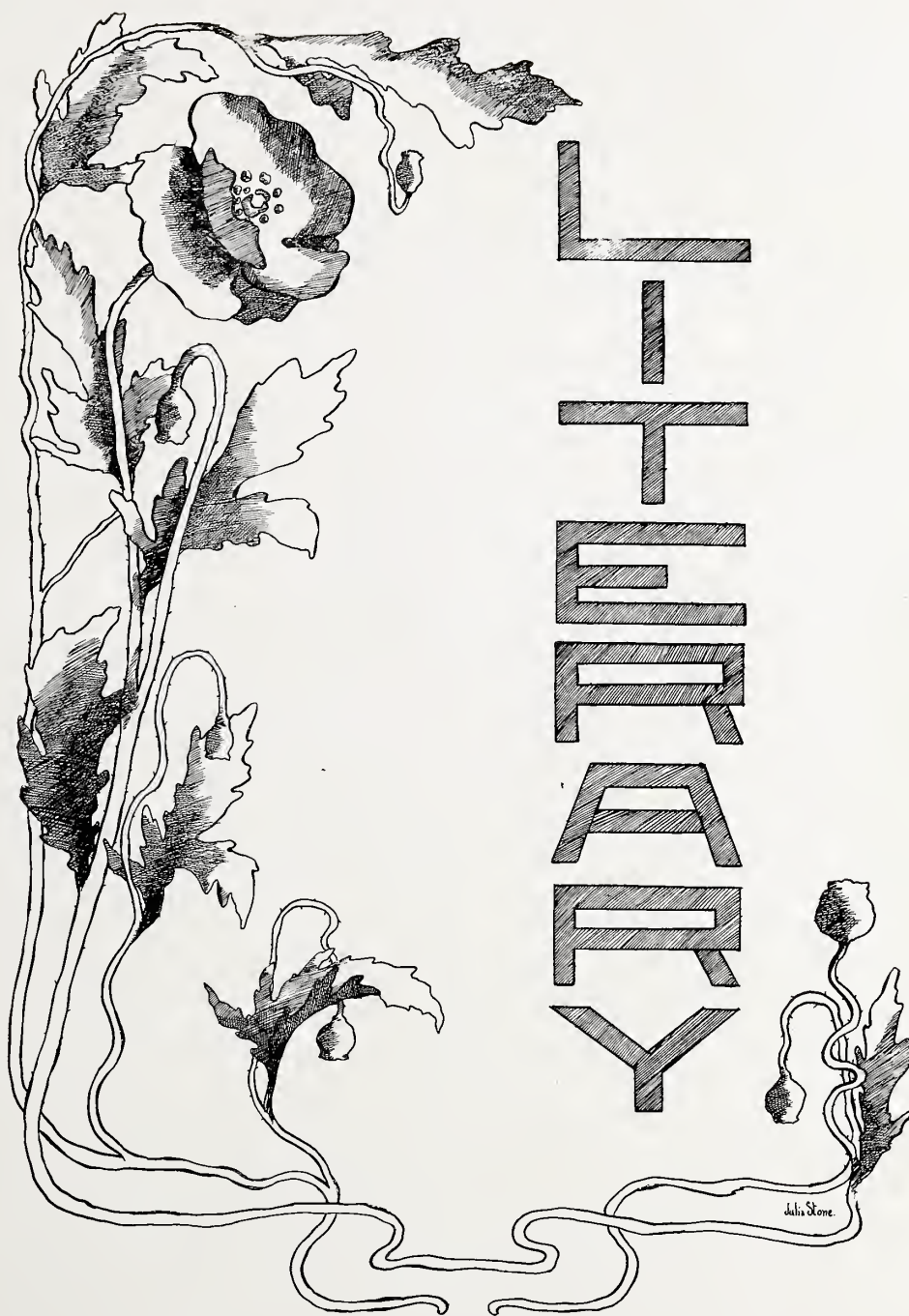
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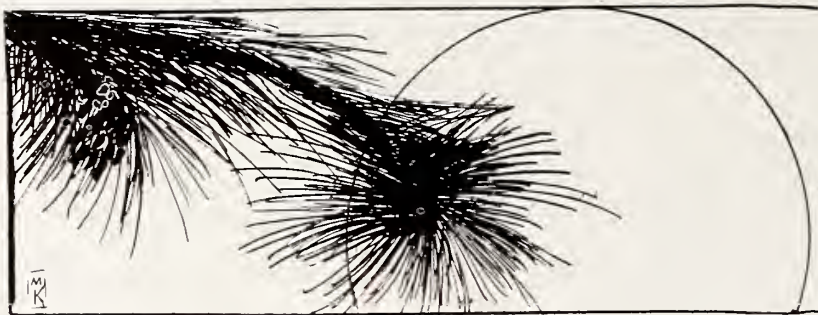
- Organ Prelude - Concert Overture *Russell King Miller*  
Laura Grant Short
- Processional—Jerusalem, the golden! *G. F. Le Jeune*  
Rockford College Students
- Scripture Reading  
Rev. Thomas Barney Thompson, A. B.
- Responsive Service (111)  
President Gulliver and Rockford College Students
- Alma Mater  
Rockford College Students
- Prayer  
Rev. P. M. Snyder, A.M., D.D.
- Response—Chant of the Lord's Prayer  
Rockford College Students
- Commencement Address--Utilizing the Gift  
Rev. Harry P. Dewey, D.D.
- Recessional (Kipling) *F. M. Ralston*  
Rockford College Students
- Solo (selected)  
Katherine Tanner Fisk
- Presentation of Diplomas  
President Julia H. Gulliver, Ph.D., LL.D.
- Benediction—The Lord bless thee and keep thee *Lutkin*  
Rockford College Students
- Exsulting—(Audience standing)
- Organ Postlude—Festival March *Alfred Hollins*  
Laura Grant Short











## The Awakening

**T**HERE was once a little boy, and he wandered into a great wood, unafraid. All the wood was a mystery of gold and green where the tall trees cast their shadows, and the little venturesome sunbeams came twinkling through the rustling leaves and danced upon the undergrowth beneath. The little boy danced too, for he was happy, and he hummed a merry little tune, and whispered back again when the playful breeze murmured in his ear. He was happy, for all this world was his to wander in,—and he was unafraid.

He came upon some wild fragrant lilies, almost hidden in their own green leaves, and blue hair-bells that nodded on their slender stems. He passed little trees with glossy, deep green leaves and heavy white blossoms, whose perfume made him faint. He discovered little berries, bright and red, growing on tiny plants, close to the ground. Sometimes the ferns grew so high that he was almost lost amidst their dainty fronds. He saw a little, sharp-nosed chipmunk that ran up a tree, scolding at him the while, and then came stealing down again to get a better view. He found a sunken, marshy place, where there were tall, strange grasses, and bright spears of cardinal flowers standing gayly in their midst. A pretty thing, all black and yellow, crept away and hid among the leaves at his approach. He wandered on, his arms all full of flowers, and came upon a sleepy little brook, a mirror for the bits of bright blue sky, and feathery sunshine, and the graceful little willow trees which bent to kiss it. He saw a fawn that came to drink, and it stopped to gaze at him with soft brown eyes before it fled away. He heard no songs nor chattering of birds, for it was nesting time, but now and then he caught a glimpse of flashing orange or red or blue, as some gay parent flew swiftly past, intent upon his errand.

And as he wandered on alone and happy and unafraid, his arms full of flowers and his heart full of song, suddenly he came upon a man. The man

was not old in years—nor young—yet his face bore many lines, and his eyes were the eyes of one who has seen too much in too short a time. He smiled kindly when he saw the boy, but his smile was melancholy, and the song died on the lips of the boy. There was a log, not far off—an old tree, covered with lichen and feathery moss—and there the man led the boy and they sat down together.

“You are happy,” he said, and his voice was low and mellow, but full of sadness, like his eyes. “You are happy,” he said, “and unafraid. You see all about you only the greenness of the wood, and the brightness of the sunshine, and the beauty of the flowers and of the plants. You feel only the soft coolness of the breeze, and smell only the sweetness of the perfume with which it is laden. Of the rest—of the perils and dangers which lurk on every side—of these you know nothing—but I will tell you all I know.”

And he told him all—of the beasts of prey that hid in the shadows, of the poison in the bright red berries, of the pestilence that rose from out the marshes, of snakes that crept about among the leaves and struck at a man unawares, and of the silent death that slept in the sleepy stream. And when he had told him all that he knew—and more—he rose, and went on his way, smiling his kindly melancholy smile, pleased that he had enlightened the child, and made him aware of his danger. But the boy crept, trembling and sobbing, from the woods.

C. FRANCES LOOMIS, '15

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## The Point of View

Life's a heap o' trouble,—  
Work an' fuss an' noise;  
Back bent a'mos' double  
Fer dem wuthless boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

Moonlight's sof'ly creepin'  
'Cross de trun'le beds;  
Mammy's boys am sleepin'—  
Bress dose woolly heads!



## The Question

IT had to be settled sometime. Why not tonight? Procrastination, the Fat One had already learned, would work no good. She hated a scene, of course—she *hated* a scene—but it would be interesting to find out once and for all. It would require a great deal of temerity, more than she was quite willing to acknowledge, and hardest of all was the prospect of an idol fallen—an ideal wrecked. She had not yet reached the state of the heroic seeker after truth who cries “death is preferable to false belief,” but the germ of some such idea was doubtless fermenting in her round young skull.

It is however actually a question whether the Fat One had any definite idea that she was deciding anything—she was only five, and as yet had shown herself utterly incapable of the maturity of deliberation one would expect from her years. She only realized that she was very tired of the whole affair, and very curious to probe into certain matters of motive.

The situation was—delicate. The Fat One, be it known, belonged to a well-regulated household where there was no luncheon between meals—where, oh worst of woes, the bed time hour was seven. (The humiliations that were to come to the poor Fat One and her next of kin from that source during many years!) Furthermore it was the sad lot of the Fat One to be very young but not the youngest, to be too young to be favored with any particular attentions from the admired sister-next-above in public, but quite old enough to be made more or less yielding use of. She was however quite too ridiculously good natured to resent this at all, even when some older member of the family interfered in the case of a too flagrant exercise of authority.

Now the *enfant terrible* of the family, who threatened to be as pink and accommodately round as even the Fat One, must have certain attentions. He must be put to bed duly, and to keep him in a quiescent state till Morpheus should arrive, the sister-next-above must lie down with him, herself ready for bed. Such was the most recent parental edict. And here lay the crux of the whole matter. As soon as the youngest was asleep Sister must leave him and come to her own sleeping room down the hall where she and the Fat One had their bed. To meet the exigencies of the occasion, Sister had invented a new game—delightful, fascinating, for the first few nights, but at the end of a week or two beginning to show itself not only monotonous but at times positively painful. As soon as Sister was ready to come, she gave a low and peculiar call invented especially for this occasion, and followed by a summons—“Polly!” The Fat One, whose whole resonant name was Elizabeth Hampton Barry, accepted this new name unquestioningly, as she did everything else which befell her, and at the signal was to come to the bed where the sister-next-above had been strangely but effectually metamorphosed into the old grandmother, blind and halt, and difficult of locomotion. It was the part of “Polly,” the affectionate and considerate grandchild, to assist the tottering steps of grandmother from the place of her sojourn, safely back to her own cottage in the woods.



There was something in the whole affair that had at first smacked hugely of romance. Often in the darkness and the expectancy, the Fat One propped her chubby chin on two chubby fists and burying her round little elbows in the pillow, lay so, waiting, staring straight into the darkness, letting all sorts of quaint and lovely thoughts slip leisurely through her mind as she loved to let the warm sand on the lake shore run through her fingers. And then the element of danger. In the darkness, or in the dimness of the moonlight, who could tell what things might be concealed? The bogie man or the grump or the grogie, any of these might be hidden in the closet or under the bed or behind the softly moving curtains at the window, or perched on the top of the mirror. And there were of course the wolves and bears and tigers with which everybody knew the woods were swarming. And certainly it was her place—she so young and strong—to guard and protect her poor old grandmother and prevent her falling prey to any of the dangers that menaced her. Fortunately for the Fat One and for the fate of the game, it did not occur to her at all that the grandchild would certainly be quite as apt as the grandmother to fall prey to the besetting perils. But perhaps most poignant of all was the highly satisfying feeling of wickedness which she was enjoying for one of the few times in her docile and obedient young life. To keep awake when you knew you were supposed to be fast asleep, to get up after mother had tucked you into bed, to be playing when you should have been slumbering. What more delightful?

But a change had come over the face of things. The Fat One began to be weary of this every night—and it seemed such a long time to wait. She went almost to sleep sometimes when she lay down, and when she tried sitting up she found it practically as hard to keep awake, and the position much more uncomfortable.

And last of all had happened that which set her thinking. The Fat One had been in the attic, trying to find in some obscure corner a certain brownie she was quite sure lived there. She had wriggled and squirmed her rotundity into a small crevice between a trunk and the wall and there she lay rosy, breathless, panting, waiting for energy to back out of her narrow quarters. Presently voices came up the stairs. It was the sister-next-above and the slightly older and immensely superior big brother of eleven. “‘Fraidy! ‘Fraidy! ‘Fraidy!’” came his taunting voice.

“‘Fraidy your own self!’” came the reply in a faint effort at bravado.

“Huh! Me? I’m not afraid! but you are scairt of everything. You’re scairt of dogs—you’re scairt of spiders—you’re scairt of everything—scairt of the dark—Huh! Fatty’s got more *poise* than you have!”

He brought out the strange word with much complacency and “Fatty” could fancy his slight swagger as he walked over to a window. In her painful position, one arm squeezed against the wall, the other pinched under her, splinters in her fingers, cobwebs in her face, dust in her eyes, her plump legs extending straight and hopeless behind her—still the Fat One smiled, she also complacent at the new word. It was evidently something nice, and while she was partially conscious that it was utilized more to lower her sister’s pride than to raise hers, she was quite willing to gain all possible

pleasure that might accrue to her from the knowledge that in the eyes of so sage a being as her older brother she was a person gifted even above her adored sister.

The sister-next-above spoke tentatively. "I'm not scared, I tell you—but I know Mama wouldn't like it. I might prob'ly get my dress dirty, or tear it—or—or—something." Her voice sounded a little more self-reliant, as if now she were on safe and sure ground.

"It's just an excuse. I'll go first and show you how to do it, and then you can do it after me. That is of course if you're not afraid! You just drop out of this window as easy as anything onto the roof of the wing, and you lie down and go along the ridge until you come to the end—and then you look down—and it looks so high up where you are, and then you come back, and I'll boost you up. And that's all." The Fat One gasped at this enumeration of terrible possibilities. Should she get out of her place and go to tell mother "right away quick?" But no—there was a call from below and sister, plainly relieved, made her escape.

The Fat One had thought it all over afterward, and then had come the revelation. Afraid? And afraid of the dark? Could it be that this was the reason for the grandmother game? Was sister afraid to go through the dark rooms and the hall alone—and so—? She put the thought from her resolutely. But it returned. And the longer she pondered the more she wondered and wondered if it could be so, and wanted a little ashamedly to find out. There were days of struggle, there were hours when all alone she faced the momentous question that would not down, there were sleepless nights, before the call of "Polly," when she fought to its bitter finish the problem the gods had given her to unravel. And at last she knew that she must know. No subterfuges, no self-blinding for her; all things must be made clear.

With a burdening sense of disloyalty she planned her complicated course of action. A string fastened to the squeaking door of her room, the other end in her hand in bed—she to feign slumber, no answer to grandmother's muffled call, but an alert ear for the footsteps of the deserted aged one. Would it be swift with fright? And then, a quick pull on the door, the sudden squeaking,—and an eye for results. And so the trap was laid, and the Fat One safe and sleepy in her bed was waiting, waiting,—waiting.

\* \* \* \*

Suddenly a dim sense of lights, of people moving about, of a strong maternal arm lifting her over to make room for an equally sleepy and semi-conscious sister, an amused maternal voice—"The ridiculous child has been playing horse in bed." Something then about the possibility of the baby's going to sleep alone hereafter—a motherly kiss—and then oblivion.

And so the question, which the Fat One had faced so heroically and so maturely, reached no solution.

## “I Am Come Into My Garden”

**T**HERE is a garden that I have,  
A garden very fair;  
Roses red and hollyhocks  
And common flowers are there.  
'Tis there I go when lonely,  
When lonely where I roam,  
For there I find the self-same flowers  
That bloomed for me at home.

Another garden grows for me,  
One that is wondrous wide—  
'Tis upland, sun-drenched, purple-hued,  
High on a mountain side,  
'Tis there I catch my visions  
Of things not seen of men—  
A wonder and a mystery  
Quite lost within the glen.

I have a-many gardens that  
I visit when I will;  
And some with birds and light are gay,  
And some are dusky-still;

There is one garden where I find  
The lovely flowers of dreams;  
Another where the waiting air  
Is murmurous with streams.

In each of all my gardens  
I have some heart's desire;  
Here in my tiny room are all,  
Within my twilight fire.

A. Y. '13.

## The Younger Generation

PEGGY FOSTER was starring in her last matinee performance at the Astor theatre. Down in the parquet, her father watched her happily. Tomorrow they were going back to Virginia, to the old house, yellow as Aunt Chloe's sunshine cake, the house hidden in a small forest of live oaks and magnolias, and fronting on the broad, red-tinted road, which led to Charlottesville. It had been a silent, lonely place for seven years, with only an old mammy and a lazy young darky gardener as caretakers. For when old Colonel Foster's gifted daughter determined to go on the stage, he said farewell to his beloved books, his horses, the old house, and his life-long comrades, to go with her. In his devotion to her, he utterly abandoned his own interests and gave himself up to looking after hotels, railroad arrangements and the financial side of lessons in French, Italian, music and dancing. But chiefest of all, he kept free from challenge, the purity and sweetness of his Margaret.

He never complained, but nevertheless he cherished a secret hope that Peggy would grow tired of the noise and hurry, the late hours, the long days of work, and the loneliness of it all. But she thought of the old days in Virginia, only as something sweet to be remembered, but not regretted, in comparison with the excitement and brilliance of her life now.

Then suddenly she almost surprised her father's breath away by saying, with tears in her eyes, that she was dying for a peep at the yellow house.

"Shall we go down for a visit?" he asked glad enough just to see the old place again.

"No," she answered, "I mean for keeps. I'm sick of New York."

The poor colonel went around on tip-toe for a week, fearing he might wake himself. Perhaps he had overslept and should that very minute be calling Peggy's car instead of dreaming about Virginia. But no word of hers broke the spell, and finally the tickets were in his purse, the berths engaged, and everything ready. In the lobby that afternoon he chanced to meet an old friend of Margaret's, Richard Graner, musician, actor and dramatist.

"Where did you get that grin, Colonel?" Graner asked, "Have you fallen heir to a few millions?"

"This grin was bred in old Virginia, Sir," he replied happily, "and I'm taking it back with me tomorrow."

"What! You are not going away!"

"Margaret and I, Sir, are going home to stay," was the proud answer. "I'm sorry for poor old New York! But your glasses will spy out some other star, though you'll not find any brighter than Margaret very soon."

The colonel walked on down the aisle, leaving Graner with whirling thoughts. Surprise, disappointment, anger, chagrin, all seemed to circle round and round in his brain. His new drama was not worth a postage stamp to him unless Margaret Foster starred in it. She had been his inspiration, she alone could interpret the subtle charm and express the soul he



had put into it. Besides, he loved her, and it would take the light out of his very eyes if he lost her.

The play dragged horribly, he thought. It was a dull affair, and did not half do Peggy justice. The minute it was over, he hurried back to have a talk with her. He had to wait some time before she came from her dressing room. She tried to avoid encountering him. Holding her big white muff up to her face, and seeming not to see him, she hurried toward the door. He reached it before she did, and stopped her."

"What a way to rush off, Peggy!" he exclaimed. And you intend to do the same thing tomorrow, without saying a word to me!"

"I did not wish to attract attention to the matter, so I told no one but the manager," she said, "Why should I tell you?"

"You should—because—because you should, that's all, Peggy. It is criminal for you to leave the stage now, with all New York singing your name—and I—"

A sudden idea came to him, too unpleasant to endure.

"Peggy—is there some one down there—waiting?"

"There is no one—there," she said. "My father is old—too old for this life, and he is home-sick for Virginia, for the mountains, and the white pines, the magnolias, the quiet, lazy streets of Charlottesville, and the house where he and mother were married!"

"I cannot let you go, Margaret—when your father told me this afternoon, why I—I tried to imagine what New York would be without you—what anything would be without you to make it worth while. You must not go away, dearest in all the world—You must stay as New York's sweetest singer—and my wife—. Margaret! you're crying—"

She was aware that she was in Richard Graner's arms and was trying to tell him how she had cared through long, long years. In the rush of emotion which swept away everything else, she forgot even her father, until she told Graner how she had planned to go away because she thought she could not endure another day without his love. Then she remembered.

"Oh!" she said, "Father! He will be so hurt. I can't hurt him, dear."

"He will understand."

"It will break his heart not to go back with me! I can't hurt him—"

"Why, he will know all about it, dearest. He was young once and loved, too. Tell him all about it Peggy, and see what he will say. I know he will not want you to make such a sacrifice."

She protested—said she was going back for a year—gave that up because it meant leaving the stage forever, the world, of which her lover was a part,—and finally, just as she had done all her life, made up her mind to ask her father for one more sacrifice. She let Dick kiss her again and again, and then ran out through the door right into her father's arms. He had restrained his impatience as long as he could and was coming to see "what in thunder" was keeping Peggy so long.

They had planned a gay little dinner at the Knickerbocker, and the colonel's car was waiting. His happiness bubbled over in jokes, tales of his

adventures abroad, and stories about various friends in Charlottesville. It would seem good to be home again! No noise, nor crowds, nor hurry! Just the two of them, with plenty of time to really live. Oh, it would be good!

Margaret summoned all her courage. Every word was torture, but it seemed treachery to put off telling him.

"Father, I can't go—"

"Not go to dinner? I'm sorry. Are you too tired!"

"I mean I cannot go—tomorrow—"

"If you are ill!" he began, and she interrupted with the whole story. She was surprised at the way he took it. He seemed as happy as she, and turned his anticipations for the next day into plans for her.

She did not see him tear the tickets slowly in two, after she left the car, and drop the useless bits into the snow. The dinner was gay as their dinners together always were, and on the way back she whispered, "Oh dear daddy—so big and sweet and motherly—I love you more tonight than I ever did in all my life."

In the spring Margaret and Richard were married, and Colonel Foster left soon after the wedding, for Virginia. Peggy missed his "mothering," but the long, gay letters helped a great deal, and if there was a strained note in them, she was too happy to notice. Graner took her to Greece with him, where he was busy all summer on an opera. They returned late in September, and Peggy persuaded him to make a flying visit with her to the yellow house.

It had been the hottest summer Virginia had known for twenty-five years. The whole country was parched, and the road from Charlottesville, red tinted as it was, like a trail of flame between the rows of dusty trees. It seemed almost unbearable to Peggy and Dick as they drove out, late one September afternoon.

"Never mind!" she assured him, "It will be as cool as a grotto in the yellow house. It always is."

The sun was just lingering over the tops of the mountains for one more scorching glance at the valley, when the car stopped at the gate, and Margaret ran up the driveway to the steps.

"Father!" she called—"Oh Daddy, where are you? Auntie Chloe!"

The old mammy embraced her, muttering and exclaiming under her breath:

"Oh, Bless de Lawd—My po' lit' Missus—"

Then a stranger came from the dining room, and spoke to her with grave, sympathetic voice:

"We sent for you as soon as we felt warranted," he said, "but too late nevertheless—Colonel Foster died this morning."

Richard caught her in his arms. Hours later she tore open the last message, which he had written and left for her.

"Don't feel badly, little Peggy. It is right for the younger generation to love and live and follow its own pathways unhindered by the older. God bless you both, my dear, dear children, and your children forever."

M. H. K. '12



# ATHLETICS

## Field-Day

**F**IELD-DAY! what memories those words recall! To the Seniors and Sophomores they suggest champions—cup—yellow and green. To the Freshmen they bring back thoughts—no, not of defeat, but rather, those of a well—we'll win—next time nature. The Sophomore-Senior hockey team played the Junior team on the afternoon of November the twenty fourth. The winners of this game were to play the Freshman team on Field-Day—the twenty-fifth. The Juniors showed themselves plucky, and fought hard; but the opposing team proved successful. The Junior line-up was:

Center forward.....	Stone	Left half.....	MacDonald
Left inside.....	White, M.	Right half.....	Kirkeeng
Left wing.....	Beaty	Left full-back.....	Pollock
Right inside.....	Rhodes	Right full-back.....	Day
Right wing.....	Brown, C.	Goal.....	Gillette
Center half.....	Oliver		

The next day was fairly good for a match game, the only drawback being that the ground was a trifle soft for running. The first half the Freshmen played down hill. The line-ups were:

1912-1914		1915	
Wood and McFarland.....	Center Forward.....	..	Mackin
Tribou.....	Left Inside.....	..	Bockins
Buck.....	Lfet Wing.....	..	Baldwin
Ransom.....	Right Inside.....	..	Landon
Brown.....	Right Wing.....	..	Ainslie
Hull.....	Center Half.....	..	Hunter
Allen.....	Left Half.....	..	Merrill
E. Kirkpatrick.....	Right Half.....	..	Hulsell
Leila White, Madison.....	Left Fullback.....	..	Time
Lucile White.....	Right Fullback.....	..	Alderson
Jones.....	Goal.....	..	Mastin

From the beginning, the Freshmen put up a good fight and by their speedy work kept the opposing team from making any goals, during the first half. About the middle of the first half, Mackin scored one goal. Hunter showed good work in holding back the opposing center forward, and the Freshman wings played hard against Buck and Brown. The first half ended with one point in favor of the Freshmen.

Near the beginning of second half McFarland made a goal; the Freshmen struggled valiantly to keep the ball up field, but to no avail, for the quick full-backs sent it down again. Another goal—this time for Buck. The whistle blew again. Hull got the ball and one stroke sent it whizzing over goal line. Up hill went the ball and it was then sent back by White. The Freshmen worked hard, but suddenly Buck made another goal. The referee's whistle blew the end of the second half and the Sophomores had the victory.

The champions were then presented with the cup, by President Gulliver, and Norma Allen gave the members of the three teams their numerals. As was the compact, the Freshmen, the defeated, entertained the Seniors and Sophomores at dinner that evening and the day ended with fun, and good feeling on both sides.









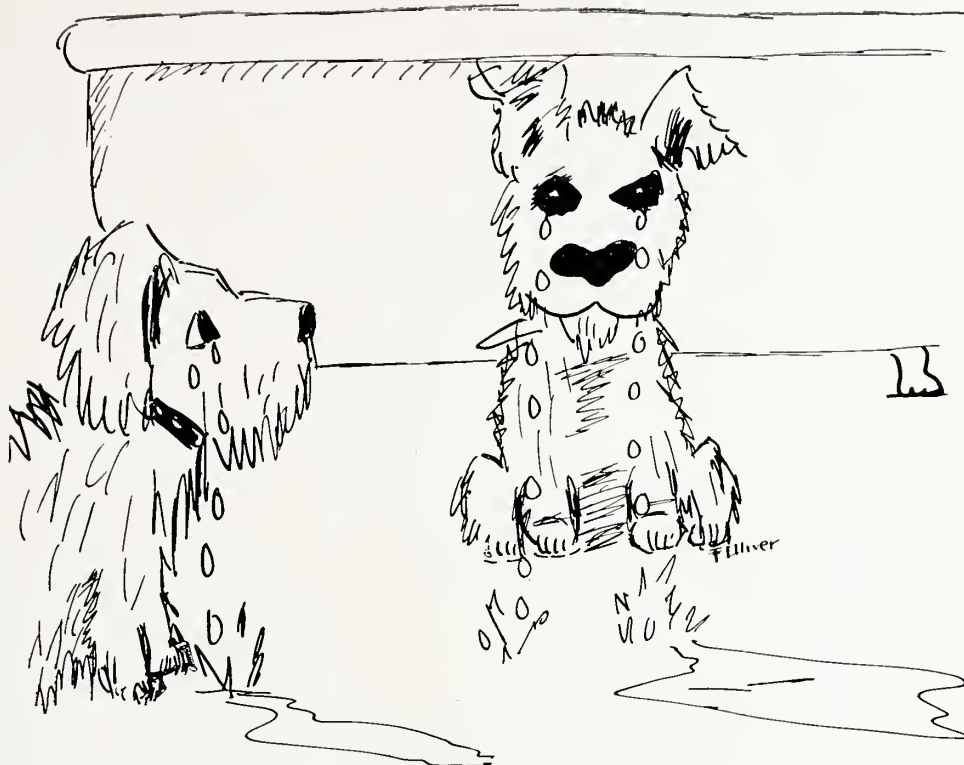
# POINTED PUNS





To Ponder, who sees a point to  
all jokes and never gets peeved, we  
trustingly dedicate this department.





## “Intimate Interviews”

*(Thanks to Life for the suggestion)*

**O**VER in Penfield, outside the bath room door, the maids were chattering chatteringly. Dondee, locked in the bathroom, sat looking morosely at Dondee. For a while, since his bestowal there, he had stood on his hind legs with ears glued to the key hole, trying to eavesdrop. But as the poor little soul (we don't know whether dogs have souls or not, “but we have seen some that deserve them”) could understand but one language, he finally gave up.

Dondee shook his head sadly at Dondee, as he said, “My dear comrade, this is certainly a grave situation.”

“Yes,” answered Dondee, “Aint it fierce that we have to be locked in a bath room, just to be got out of the way! But as long as we're here we might as well make the best of it. I move we have a ‘truth meeting.’”

Dondee fell in eagerly (that's his general attitude) with Dondee's suggestion, and after flipping a cooky to see who would get first question, (Dondee won) the place began to pile up with interrogations.

Of course the live question at Rockford always is “What is your opinion of co-eds?” This question is forced, not avoidable, and momentous not trivial. So naturally the first thing Dondee asked Dondee was “What is your honest opinion of Co-eds?”

Dondee's face fell, for he knew that to answer this question truthfully, would land him in jail. But truth is truth, so as tactfully as possible, he

answered: "If one's sole idea is matrimony, I should advise co-ed schools, but for a deep-seated knowledges of facts, based on general universal principles, I should choose Rockford College. And too one is safe here from the world's temptations, and can labor unceasingly being undisturbed by any man, from Prom to Prom. It is a well authenticized fact, old man, that marriages, seven times out of ten, are unhappy, and you know that most co-eds marry. Those so fortunate as to escape, I find invariably eke out their existence afterwards, by teaching in a girls' school, so why not go to a girl's school in the first place, where there is absolutely no chance of venturing into the unhappy wedded state?"

Dondee, eager to escape such vital questions, and to turn the conversation into a more personal one, shouted back: "How do you like Mrs. C.?"

"My solace in all trouble," responded Dondee. "My only complaint is, when she takes me down State street she goes so fast I am fairly dragged along by my chain. But say, she isn't in it with Miss Cann! Do you know that that woman clubbed me within an inch of my life, the other night, and then kicked me into a corner!"

Dondee looked sympathetically at Dondee, as the tears streamed down his smooth, silky hair, and said, "Let's not talk about such harrowing subjects,—I can hardly wait for 'Midsummer Night's Dream' to come off."

"Yes," reluctantly admitted Dondee, "it will be fine, but there's one drawback. When Mr. Hadfield is here, I'm simply eclipsed; for days, I go without food and drink. However, it will be warm then, and I suppose I can go out and grub up a bone, now and then." More tears sprang to Dondee's eyes, and in his last desperate attempt to guide the conversation into a more cheerful channel, he said, between sobs and gulps. "What do you think of the Joke Editors of the Annual?"

Dondee looked straight into Dondee's eyes to see if he were insinuating anything, but as he discerned only sincerity he answered, "They're an abused lot. They do their best to write lots of slams and jokes, for the amusement of everyone, and everyone is amused by all the slams and jokes, except those in which she is mentioned. To me, this situation seems tragic, and I weep to think what those poor girls may have to endure on the first of June."

Hereupon Dondee and Dondee gave themselves up to wild despair, and when Dondee's rescuer came, late in the evening, she found them howling mournfully over the lot of joke-editors.

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## Casualties During the Year 1911-12

Irma Brand—yanked.  
Miss Cann—dogged.  
Miss Wright—skinned.  
Ruth Hathaway—iced.  
Winifred Cox—lost in a wood.  
Sylvia Corwin—stoned.

Meta Shultz—stumped.  
Cornelia Brown—snowed in.  
Helen Hayward—browned.  
Jane Helmer—lynched.  
Helen Tribon—hulled.  
Sciota McAdow—shortened.

## The Bells

**T**HE bells, the bells, those caller bells!  
The heartless clang that in them dwells!  
No mercy shown—the men must go,  
So all good things end, here below.

Most maddening bells are tardy bells  
And varied tales their screeching tells  
Of spreads cut short, and studying too,  
And on all sides the proctor's "shoo!"

Most ruthless is that breakfast bell  
Which doth to some starvation knell  
While others gulp, and gobble, for  
The maid stands sternly at the door.

Unwelcomed bells are chapel bells  
Their pealing much good studying quells,  
'Tis general practice—meetings long,  
Three classes—time to study gone!

Of all the bells, 'tis the class bell  
Whose ringing doth disgrace fortell  
As Shakespeare hath it—"that's the bell  
Which summons us to heaven or hell!"

---

## Maxims for the Conned

One failure deserves another.  
A little poney is a dangerous thing.  
A night of cramming in the closet is worth a term  
of grind.  
When in doubt, play a bluff.  
Knock and ye shall receive (another knock.)  
Bluff, for the day is coming when the bluff is o'er.  
A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.  
Never think—it wears out brains. Just write.  
If at first you don't succeed, try another exam.





## Old Sweethearts of Mine

**O**LD sweethearts of mine—ah me!  
Are they real, or does it just seem  
That they all hover round about me  
The while I sit here and dream?

I am back again in my fancy  
In those rare weeks of long ago  
And my sweethearts stand before me  
Indistinct in the fire light glow.

Mabel is standing beside me  
As pretty and sweet as of yore,  
That curly haired dainty young vision  
Was made just for me to adore!

Next Erana with sapphire blue eyes,  
Coral lips and the tint of the rose,  
Those waltzes that we danced together!  
Shall we dance one again—who knows?

Now Ethel steps into the fire light  
Her hair has the same old flame.  
My dear jolly merry companions,  
Who else would stand "Torch" for a name?

Ah Gracie, my heart's beating faster  
 For we loved in the good old days.  
 Your heart was all mine for the taking  
 You showed it in thousands of ways.

Whose limpid blue eyes set me thrilling?  
 Whose hair is like pale shining gold?  
 It is Genevieve, one of my sweethearts  
 That too is a tale that is told!

One more—it is Cath who is coming  
 She is doing the "grizzly bear."  
 Her innocent blue eyes are shining  
 And her smile is winning and fair.

And now they've all melted away  
 To the shadows of auld lang syne  
 Not a sign nor a trace is now left me  
 Of all those old sweethearts of mine.

But ah, my dream is now broken  
 And someone beside me I find!  
 'Tis Irma, that lively, capricious,  
 Yet constant, old sweetheart of mine.

## Their Ideas of a Good Time

Sarah Eberly	-	-	-	-	-	Sleeping till 9 a. m.
Alice Burton	-	-	-	-	-	Swiping doughnuts
Margaret McCoid	-	-	-	-	-	Holding hands
Alma Yankey	-	-	-	-	-	Sausage for breakfast
Katherine True	-	-	-	-	-	Giggling at recitals
Miss Crowell	-	-	-	-	-	English Club every week
Frances Oliver	-	-	-	-	-	Doing gym work
Maude Cavanaugh	-	-	-	-	-	Anglo Saxon five times a week
Henrietta McCague	-	-	-	-	-	An afternoon in the bath tub with a good novel
Miss Bramhall	-	-	-	-	-	Coffee and sandwiches at four o'clock
M. and E. Bert	-	-	-	-	-	Gazing through opera glasses in the early morning
Esther Lynch	-	-	-	-	-	A permanent abode on first John Barnes
Grace Barnett	-	-	-	-	-	Roman banquets
Alma Kirkeeng	-	-	-	-	-	Chasing rats after tardy
Ruth Barber	-	-	-	-	-	Sugar in her soup
The Home Economics day students	-	-	-	-	-	Stealing chickens
Fräulein Behrens.	-	-	-	-	-	Living next to a room where they raise Cain all hours of the day and night.

Soph.—"I am going to give my roommate Burne Jones' 'Hope' for her birth day."

Freshman (politely)—"Oh, are you? I have never read that."

**"Das Lehren ist ein ewiges Kampf mit dem Drachen  
der Unwissenheit."—Fräulein Behrens**

"What is meant by a constitution?"

"Going for a walk."

"What is meant by watering stock?"

"Giving cattle something to drink."

N. P.—"Ben Johnson was imprisoned because he killed a fellow player."

Miss C.—"Was it in cold blood?"

N. P.—"Why, yes, I think he was cold blooded—he challenged several men."

Miss C.—"Where are the end organs of touch?"

M. G.—"Why, they are located in the epidermis."

Miss C.—"Aren't you afraid that you will wash them off, some day?"

Miss B.—"What is a knight's fee?"

O. P.—"A piece of land big enough to support a knight on horseback."

Miss B.—"What were the main obligations of a vassal to his lord?"

STUDENT.—"Military service."

Miss B.—"Well?"

STUDENT.—"To serve in a military way."

Miss B.—"Well?"

STUDENT.—"To fight for his lord."

Miss B.—"Yes—but?"

STUDENT.—"To protect his lord in battle."

Miss B.—"Well?"

STUDENT.—"To bear arms for his lord."

Miss B.—"Well?"

STUDENT.—"To accompany his lord into battle"

Miss B.—"That will do. We all know that history repeats itself."

Miss M.—"But would you not say, Miss Landon, that there is more resemblance between you and a whale than between you and a star fish?"

"What was the cause of the Renaissance in Italy?"

"The climate."

In French (translating). "There sat the king, standing on the bed."

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EXTRACTS FROM FRESHMAN THEMES

"I shall never forget when I saw her, that day in pink with the opera glasses."

"I wanted to see her, so I rode down that night in my uniform."

"And her teeth! Such white soldiers shined through those coral gates!"



Lady Arleen Vere de Vere  
 And Duchess Margaret  
 Came to dwell with us this year,  
 And we're bedazzled yet.

Their private suite is on first floor,  
 And we approach with fear,  
 Their help and counsel to implore,  
 So haughty they appear.

With condescending, blasé mien  
 They satisfy our needs,  
 And we are duly grateful  
 For the smallest of their deeds.

For though they snub and scorn us,  
 Could we be happy here,  
 Without a Duchess Margaret  
 And an Arleen Vere de Vere?

---

## Superlatives

Most slangy	-	-	-	-	Kathleen Hoole
Most contented looking	-	-	-	-	Prudence Hawkins
Most studious	-	-	-	-	Helen Buck
Most engaged	-	-	-	-	Sciota McAdow
Most crushes	-	-	-	-	Margaret McCoid
Most gloomy	-	-	-	-	Mary Brown
Most pious	-	-	-	-	Irma Brand
Most noisy	-	-	-	-	Ruth Gilbert
Most hair	-	-	-	-	Ethel Richmond
Most popular	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Short
Most masculine	-	-	-	-	Helen Kirkpatrick
Most gentleman friends	-	-	-	-	Jane Helmer
Most flowers	-	-	-	-	Roberta Ransom
Most blond	-	-	-	-	Isabelle Shukert
Most distant	-	-	-	-	Cora Wuercker
Most superlatives	-	-	-	-	Mahren Finnerud

---

Why is it that there are so many more engagements and rumors of same in 1912 than in other years?

## Echoes from January 18th

UPON this sad and fatal day  
Befell a great calamity;  
The water pumped from an old well  
In which did hordes of microbes dwell  
Spread through the city far and wide  
And brought the plague on every side.

S. P.,—after knocking gently—"Would you like your dinner sent up?"

Miss C.—"Get out!"

HOW IS THAT?

I feel like a carpet without any stair - - - Rather uncertain.

I feel like a ball without any air - - - Knocked flat.

I feel like a puppy without any hair - - - Something lacking.

I feel like a man that's just missed his chair - - - Pretty far down.

GIRL—"How do you feel Gus?"

GUS—"I haven't slept since I can remember; didn't sleep two hours last night."

GIRL—"Why, what were you doing the rest of the time?"

GUS—"Why,—why, I was up."

Question of the day—"To eat or not to eat?"

## Who Are They?

"Pug "

"Benny Jonson"

"Mrs. Caesar"

"Puppy"

"Stella" and "Astrophel"

"The Old Ship"

"Hot Water"

"Torchy"

"The 'Org'"

"Skinny"

"Testy"

"Uncle Henry"

"Shorty Pal"

"Slivers"

"Squeak"

"Pete"

"Baby"

"Hippo"

"Duckie"

"Tommy"

"Grandpa"

"Nervine"

"Jack"

"Pa"

"Barney"

"Kewpie"



OUR BUSINESS MANAGER



OUR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



OUR HONORARY MEMBER

Cecil, (complacently)—“Well, I’ve written four letters this evening!”

E. R.—“What are you taking—a correspondence course?”

“Brandy, did you know that Jane Addams is to be here next week?”

“No! Honestly? What in?”

C. B.—“Arn’t Juniors and Seniors allowed to go out to dinner, with an average of B?”



## Vest Pocket Essays

*(With apologies to George Fitch)*

A Prom is a Port of Entry for Men, to Rockford—but no Safe Haven. That is why so many Men leave their Brains at Home on the Piano, free from Harm, and bring their feet, the largest ones they have, to insure a Method of Retreat. No Foot, which can not easily cover the train of Any gown, is considered Elegant. One man has been Known who did Not dance on his Partner's satin slippers. He was Never asked again. He had committed the Great crime of Killing Conversation. Such remarks as "How Smooth the Floor is tonight!" became, not inane, but exasperating, for she could not with Truth and Asperity answer, "Then, pray, Why dance on My Feet?" His obtuseness could not be endured. His Excessive Politeness gave her no excuse for taking revenge by Riding around the hall on His foot.

Yea—what is so Rare as a day of Prom—then, if ever is Pressing Time! From Pocket books to Gowns, every thing is hard Pressed. The only Cool, Unimpressible things are the Flat Irons and the Office Girls. What matters it if your Roommate burns a Hole in your best Gown? Keep your Temper intact to use on Him if he does not send Flowers to cover up the Hole. Also keep the Telephone Number of That Man in Town in a Handy place ready to use if your Man falls on His Imagination and Breaks his leg. Be careful Not to Fall on His Neck and weep with Joy if he Really shows up. For Remember, His Dress suit May be Rented. Freshmen hanging over Banisters to see the men squirm in their White Gloves, should be Careful to stand in Full View. It entertains the Timid Herd.

No matter if the man Forgets his Card; he can borrow one from another man. Not even He will recognize His Name when the Reception Line hands it back to him, Much Less his partner Who has only Known it for Five Minutes, Perhaps.

Perfume is bad taste and Unnecessary, since Newly cleaned gloves wafting Gentle Whiffs of Gasoline, thru the Palm Trees from Hickey's are considered Very Elegant and serve two purposes.

Marathon races with the orchestra give all Proms a Classic atmosphere and are considered quite A la Mode, Depending on the Weight and Muscle of the Racers. The Competition between Madison and Beloit is always hot. The Chaperones however do not care Much for Moving Picture Shows and are liable to get Dizzy and have to be Carried out. This of Course would be a Very Unfortunate Circumstance. Energy should not be Wasted, for No Prom is considered finished until every Couple has At Least traveled Twenty Miles, (this is a Preventive against the Sitting Out habit), consumed a quart of Frappe, and balanced a plate on their knees for one Hour.

Then, If a man manages to find His hat before the Other fellow gets it, he holds it Deftly in One hand and says fervently with the Other, to the Music of the Last bell, that he had a "bully time" and wishes to Call next week. Brave Man? No! he knows he is Perfectly Safe. That is only Prom Etiquette.

Then the Decoration Committee, who were too All-In to go, and the Other Fortunes who Had Too Much sense or else Too Little cents to go, carry the Remnants of the girls to bed.

A Prom is a Revelation, of Men, Manners and Money. If Nothing else, it is an Excuse for no Preparation for classes on Monday. It is also a Drawing Card for the Post Office for a Week.

## Ain't it Fierce

*(With apologies to the boys of Hull House)*

### ACT I

SCENE—First floor John Barnes.

S. C.—“Ain't it fierce there's nothin' doin' in this here hall?”

E. V.—“Yes, ain't it fierce! Let's go up on third!”

### ACT II

SCENE—Third floor John Barnes.

MISS C.—“Ain't it fierce there's so much noise in this here hall?”

MRS. C.—“Yes, ain't it fierce!”

### ACT III

SCENE—Same as Act II.

MISS C.—“Ain't it fierce there's so much noise in this here hall?”

R. H.—“Yes, ain't it fierce! Hold my boudoir cap and I'll go shoo 'em.”

### A MONDAY PRAYER

Monday returns and brings us the terrifying round of classes, quizzes and beans for lunch. Help us to play the bluff, help us to do it with firm voices and unbalanced aspect; let nerve abound with vacancy. Give us to squeeze safely through all the hours of the day, bring us back to our cots at night, thankful, unharmed, and undisgraced, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep and a scarcity of eight o'clocks the next morning.—Amen.

To Gus, who was carrying out chairs for “As You Like It.” “What are those chairs for?”

GUS—“For ‘Yust Like You Vant It,’ of course.”

## At the Table

"Have you noticed how meek — is of late?"

"Yes, if she's not careful she'll inherit the earth pretty soon."

"—— has over development of the soul."

"Yes, and Miss —— seems to find that same overdeveloped soul a soft cushion to sit upon."

"Perhaps with all this plague they'll let us go home."

"Dream on!"

"Look at the lime in this water; it goes to make bone."

"Well, I hope it doesn't go to the bones in my neck."

The question under discussion was, "Can a hypnotized person be made to do things absolutely contrary to his nature?" Fraulein Behrens suggested, "Could a Rockford College student be made to study? or could Fraulein Oliver or Fraulein Beaty be made to flirt? or could Ruth Gilbert be made not to study?"

R. (aside)—"Versuchen Sie es nur!"

Just after Ethics class.—"Do you think one would ever be justified in reading her husband's letters?"

"Not for mine, I wouldn't risk my peace of mind that way."

SOPHOMORE—"My idea of heaven is to have a class in which Miss B. and Miss N. have to work."

"Is your mother coming next week?"

"No, I don't go to the Episcopal church!"

P. O.—eating shredded wheat biscuit, choked and trying hard to crack a joke said, "I got some hay stuck in my throat."

H. M.—"Why don't you bail it out?"

"Oh, Miss Crowell is so human!"

"Oh, that's nothing—Miss Castro's divine!"

"Who's waiting on this table?"

"It seems to me the table's doing the waiting."

"If you don't stop eating I'll tell Miss Way on you."

SIGNORINA—"Why I thought Mr. Call was blacklisted!"

A. W.—"Perhaps he is—for the faculty!"

J. A.—"Is lettuce proteid?"

B. G.—"Not always."

H. L., disgustedly as bell rings at 12:45,—"*These meetings during lunch hour get me!*"

E. B., comfortably—"Well, they *don't* get me!"

After Philosophy Class—"May I please have an idea of a plate with a small idea of ham on it?"

## What Is

AN ANNUAL? A yearly in which the editors are expected to be entertaining and funny, and then are kicked about the campus for every feeble joke they attempt.

A PROM MAN? A creature in a dress suit acquired, along with a program, from another student at the price of \$5.00.

A QUIZZ? An experiment for proving the existence of vacuums.

A BUSY SIGN? An invitation to enter, examine everything in the room, and then settle down and spend the evening.

A CRUSH? An acute and very expensive attack of heart trouble.

A TELEPHONE? Something that makes a great noise in the hall, demanding an immediate answer when you feel least like moving. Monopolized for hours at a time.

A TOLO MEETING? A congregation of college students, the majority of whom are unruly freshmen, in which we wrangle such questions as "Shall we put our contributions for the poor, in a round box or in a square one?"

A NOTE? A message which might as well be spoken, written for sentiment's sake on a chosen color of paper.

A ROOMMATE? Primarily a person to button up one's dress, and to take the blame for things when one is grouchy.

GYM? A slightly modified form of the old Spanish inquisition.

AN ELEVATOR ROOM? A small room containing an elevator, a rubbish barrel, several worn out brooms and dust pans,—a place to curl your hair, make fudge, wash clothes, iron, and prepare table parties.

A DINING-ROOM MAID? One who waits, and makes wait.

AN INFORMAL? Just like a "formal" only one spends more money and has no "eats."



## Fashion Notes

(FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT, THE DUCHESS DE LA MODE)

Earrings were worn the first semester. They are now discarded by all except the faculty.

Sweaters are growing in popularity for dinner wear.

White shoes, worn with red coats, are the latest thing for church.

Arctics should be worn by all those off the campus.

Corsets were worn last fall. They are no longer considered good form in the vocal department.

The mannish tailored waist is being further popularized by a prominent Junior.

Red bows perched over the right ear are appropriate for very young freshmen.

White shoes may be dyed black. The slight odor resulting insures the wearer sufficient elbow room.

Dress suits for mock Proms may be obtained at Henry's. Any old lingerie waist and a pair of black satin slippers may be worn with them.

Petticoats were not popular this year with the freshmen.

A maroon sweater is the proper uniform for editors of Rallas.

It is prudence always to keep on hand a short glove fitting gown for informals.

Any little scrap of blue and pink cheese-cloth you may have on hand should be saved for a May Party costume.

A black shaggy coat is worn constantly indoors during the winter season by our only male member.

Diamonds are occasionally worn by freshmen, but they are considered poor taste for very young girls by the faculty.

Numerals are nobby and may be easily obtained by any one willing to attend hockey practice faithfully.

Kimonas are worn to dinner by the personally harmonized.

---

Exchange from "Record Herald."—"The girls of Rockford College presented a Greek athletic contest yesterday and the wire reports that all participants wore Greek costumes. Let's see—what *was* the Greek athletic costume?"

---

Better to've have been noticed and slammed, than never to've been noticed at all.

# Rockford Romance

## THE SCENE—

Ladies' College in the West,  
College girl in Sunday best  
Choir-boy a-singin' blessin'  
"Here beginneth the first lesson."

## THE CHARACTERS—

Freshman girl both young and green  
Boy insisted she's a queen.  
Choir-boy as said before  
Getting loving more and more.

## THE PLOT—

"Orpheum," the young man 'phoned!  
"Can't we go unchaperoned?"  
So she gives the thought a trial  
But is met with flat denial.

## THE CLIMAX—

She 'phoned back, by this enraged  
"We can't go unless engaged!"  
"Marry me!" the brave boy cried,  
"You bet I will!" the maid replied.

## ANTI-CLIMAX—

Faculty were not so sure,  
This old bluff would not endure—  
So amid a crowd appalling  
She was sent upstairs a-bawling.

## THE FINALE—

Girlie in her room did moan,  
Mother came and took her home.  
—Well she sure did have us guessin'  
And here endeth this sad lesson.

---

MISS GULLIVER.—"It takes more than a hymn (him) to get the best of Rockford college girls."

FRAULEIN BEHRENS:—"Oh dear! The mice scamper all around my room! Never have I seen them so impudent and impertinent as they are this year. They are regular freshmen mice!"

## Press Notices

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### LOST AND FOUND

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LOST.—My temper on the night of the Baby Party. Finder please return to room 84.

LOST.—A heart. Lost so many times it is almost worn out. Room 113.

LOST.—A fair sized hunk of conceit. Finder need not return as I still have a goodly supply on hand. Room 98.

FOUND.—On February 28, a bar pin set with sapphires. Owner who climbed in window may have same by applying to Gus.

LOST.—A semester's credit. Finder please return to German 1A.

LOST.—A chance to go to a perfectly good Prom, by eight freshmen. In consequence, men and dresses to let.

---

### SOCIETY

Miss Sara Pollock entertained informally two appreciative friends on the evening of March 5th, in her apartments in Linden Hall. Refreshments and entertainment consisted of a noted grape fruit deliciously cooled and sweetened.

Two freshmen entertained one another rather formally in a bath tub, at a later than fashionable hour.

During the month of February, in room 43, a member of the faculty entertained the president of the senior class for the night, and incidentally the college for the following week.

Eight freshmen, early in the year, entertained all the old girls at a morality play in which Folly masqued as Remorse, Temptation as Conscience, and Deviltry as Innocence.

### THE THEATRES

*Colonial*.—Continuous picture show. A good place to go with your young man of an afternoon.

*Orpheum*.—Trained animals from time to time. Popular with members of the faculty.

*Greek Players*.—Instructive. One night stand only.

*Grand*.—Any old performance. Peanut gallery popular until faculty struck.

*Gymnasium*.—The Personally Harmonized demonstrate how to be graceful, though stout and logical.

*Star*.—Amateur night. Side step and song by Helen Ainslie.

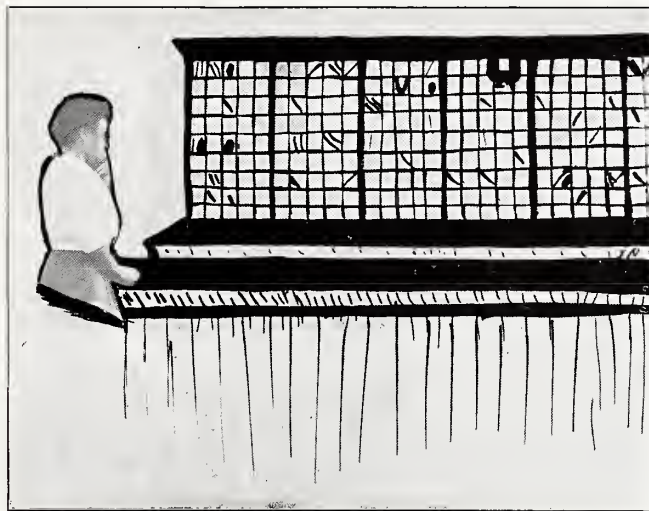
*Opera House*.—Manicure shop by Haresfoot. Good musical show. Handsome chorus girls. Front seats taken weeks in advance.

*College Chapel*.—Glee club. Chorus of fair young things in white.

I N behalf of the student body, we extend our hearty thanks to those brave souls among the faculty—Mrs. Short, Miss Marshall and Miss Lutz—who, with high courage, sportsmanlike spirit, and fine unselfishness, faced with us the privations and inelegancies of the peanut gallery.

Though the champions of a lost cause do not attain to much glory here on earth, their memory is apt to be lovingly cherished in history.

“Be ye therefore humble, as greater than ye have been humble.”



Miss Castro stood before her box  
And focused steadily  
But still that spot did not reveal  
Themes on philosophy.

ROOMMATE I—“What shall I do? I can’t find a pin anywhere!”

ROOMMATE II—“If you are terribly hard pressed, you can take the trimming off my hat, or the bows off my pumps.”



## Additions to Rockford College Library During 1911-1912

"Bridge Etiquette," by Katherine Maddock.  
"Black Beauty," by Miss Gulliver.  
"Together," by Jenn C. Brown and Helen G. Hayward.  
"The Following of the Star," by S. A. Pollock.  
"The Golden Silence," by Olive Prien.  
"The Heavenly Twins," by Meade and Meade.  
"The Little Minister," by Agnes Williams.  
"An American Suffragette," by Dorothy Sells.

"Way Down East," by Bernice Geddes.  
"The Recording Angel," by "Eleanor."  
"The Haunted Photograph," by Mary Bert.  
"Her Roman Lover," by Alma Yankey.  
"A Woman with a Purpose," by F. Lowater.  
"A Study In Scarlet," by Miss Cann.  
"A Weaver of Dreams," by Myra Howell King.  
"The Price She Paid," by Ethel Lill.

---

### The Sad Tale of I, II and III

I walked with II on the banks of the river, in the cool of the evening. Soft breezes tangled the strands of their flowing hair, and their spirits exulted in the joy of complete unison, apart from the world, alone, but together, in the mysteries of a dying day. From her window, high in the wall of the ancient pile, III looked down. Her great green eyes were wide in anger at that which she saw below, and the blood, the tears from her weeping heart, dropped from her face, leaving it luminously white, even as the pearls upon her neck. It was unthinkable that such a child should usurp her place by II's side. In her eyes was the fire of a deadly resolve.

It was night. The air was dense with shadows and gloom. A tiny red light burned feebly at the end of the long passage. A door opened, and a lithe figure slipped into the passage. On and on it glided until it stopped. The door of I's room opens stealthily, stealthily the figure slips in. A moment—the silence is broken by a heart rending shriek and cry for mercy. Then all is silent again. The figure reappears, and fades down the long hall.

I is no more, and III is known to the world as the beloved of II.

#### MORAL

Oh ye who fool with affairs of the heart—  
Take care to consider all sides e'er you start.

## Imagine

Mrs. Elmore	-	-	-	-	-	Dancing the "Grizzly Bear"
Cornelia Brown	-	-	-	-	-	Spooning
Mrs. Chambers	-	-	-	-	-	Buying an Annual
Maud Daugherty	-	-	-	-	-	In widow's weeds
Victor	-	-	-	-	-	Waiting on faculty table
Dorothy Edwards	-	-	-	-	-	In red
Mrs. Short	-	-	-	-	-	Playing hockey
Mary Loring	-	-	-	-	-	Without an appetite
Miss Ralston	-	-	-	-	-	Playing "Alexander's Rag-time Band"
Julia Stone	-	-	-	-	-	With a grouch
Miss Skinner	-	-	-	-	-	Slatternly
Signorina	-	-	-	-	-	Being rude
The Freshman Class	-	-	-	-	-	Meek and submissive
Miss Marshall	-	-	-	-	-	Idle
Third Linden	-	-	-	-	-	Without mice
Miss Bramhall	-	-	-	-	-	Giving a snap course
The blessing	-	-	-	-	-	Pictured out
Louise Rhodes	-	-	-	-	-	Dishevelled
Sylvia Corwin	-	-	-	-	-	At peace with the world
Marcia Snow	-	-	-	-	-	Sneaking out nights
Miss Irwin	-	-	-	-	-	Eating peanuts up in nigger heaven
Marguerite Maack	-	-	-	-	-	Flunking out
Jeannette Stanoskeck	-	-	-	-	-	Monopolizing conversation
Chapel	-	-	-	-	-	Without the pipes

## What Would We Do Without

Bram's candlesticks?  
 Eggs at lunch?  
 Gus?  
 Our neighbors scissors?  
 "Life?"  
 Bram's "perc"?  
 Sweaters at breakfast?  
 The Cosmopolitan?  
 Our roommate's clothes?  
 Mail?

# Classification

## *A GENUS—PROM MAN*

### I. SPECIES—PILLS. \*

- a—Poor dancers
  - 1—Those who yank your arm up and down like a pump handle.
  - 2—Those who have no sense of time.
  - 3—Those who never reverse.
  - 4—Those who bump your knees and step on your feet.
- b—Those who do not send flowers.
- c—Those who send red roses to wear with your pink or yellow gown.
- d—Those who rent their dress suits.
- e—Those whose gloves reek of gasoline.
- f—Those who say they think they know somebody who knows somebody who used to live in a town about thirty miles from a town in which a third cousin of yours lives.
- g—Those who converse about the decorations, the floor, the music and the size of the crowd.
- h—Those who send telegrams Saturday morning announcing that they have broken their leg, or that relatives have suddenly died.

### II. SPECIES—PRINCES. °

- a—Those who dance divinely, doing the "Boston dip," the "Grizzly Bear," etc.; send orchids; bring a box of candy; fall in love with the girls they take; beg them to wear their fraternity pins; urge them to cut dances with other men; and end by asking them to a formal at the frat house, and to their Junior Prom.

---

\*This species is very numerous, and may be met with at every Prom. There are many varieties of this same species still unclassified

°The species Princes, is almost extinct, being fast choked out by species Pills. A certain exterior resemblance between the two species, leads many to mistake a Pill for a Prince. We advise any one so fortunate as to own a genuine Prince, to preserve him carefully, keeping him well isolated, if possible.

---

## Special Permission

The Haresfoot Club comes every year  
And gives a show in this town here,  
The faculty are very kind  
And say, for once, they do not mind  
If men bring us home from the show,  
As long as we don't walk too slow.  
Alas, for all their kind permit  
No one of us has e'er done it.  
We think the faculty must know  
Those boys would find us much too slow!

## The College Rubáiyát

THE latest novel underneath the bough  
A pillow soft, a plate of fudge and thou  
Text books, forgot, and distant far from me.  
O college were a paradise enow!

For some we know, the loveliest and the best  
Do seem, when they appear, for dinner dressed.  
Alas! Thin locked, sans style and pale of cheek,  
They look far different when they go to rest!

Why is't that after Proms, the faculty  
More hard and cruel than ever seem to be?  
They wish past pleasure sweeter still to make  
By contrast with the present's misery.

When you and I from out these halls have passed  
O but the long, long while the school shall last,  
And our achievements and importance here  
Mere memories be—forgotten, ah, how fast!

There was the door to which I found no key  
The empty room in which I knew there'd be  
Electric bulbs, not broken like my own.  
How near they hung, and yet how far from me!

What! out of sensate nothing to provoke  
Another theme; improve the last I wrote!  
Nay! but that I'd be told ten more to do,  
I'd strike, and wear no more this servile yoke!

The moving pencil writes, and having writ,  
Moves on to the next page. I sigh for wit.  
For know—the moving pencil is not mine  
In this exam, nor is't my mind that's moving it.

Alike for those who for Today prepare,  
And those who for Tomorrow's lesson's care,  
'Tis all the same—who'll know ten years from now  
What grade you got—a Good or Poor, or Fair!



I N laboratories we study a lot  
Of bugs, flowers, starfish and all,  
But here's a rare specimen of life that I got  
From a window in Third Linden Hall.

The first you see standing is Charlotte M. Way  
And beside her, Miss Baird in her suit.  
If you listen to hear what she's saying, you may  
Hear her say, "O isn't he cute!"

The one with the hat who has just stopped to talk,  
You recognize quick with a glance.  
It's Mrs. Short just going out for a walk—  
She seems to be stuck in a trance.



And who looks so tender as over she bends  
Till her nose almost touches the ground?  
Why of course! it's Miss Cann, one of Dondee's best friends,  
Talking dog-talk to him most profound.

And who are those two in the window behind  
Benignly surveying the scene?  
Can it be Miss Crowell in that spot I find,  
And Miss Mary too, always serene?

The one standing back and looking so proud  
Most surely the owner must be.  
What is it, tell me, attracting this crowd?  
My, but you're slow—it's Dondee!

## Fire At College

### MOVING REPORTS OF BRAVERY OF INDIVIDUAL STUDENTS

*(Copied from Rockford Morning Star)*

EARLY this morning, a fire alarm was turned in from Rockford College. Fire had broken out in the basement of Adams Hall, and the smoke quickly filled the whole building. Owing to the excellent drill, and level-headedness, which characterized all participants, but small loss of life ensued. Professor Marshall of the Biology department, reported with visible emotion, the death of several crawfish, two tadpoles cut off in the bloom of early youth, and a jarful of remarkable insects, all of whom, having neglected to cover their mouths with wet towels, succumbed to the suffocating fumes and poisonous gases. Professor Marshall is prostrated, and grave fears are entertained for her health.

Says one of the students, "When the alarm was sounded at six-thirty this morning, my roommate and I preserved a perfect calm and composure. Knowing well that excitement and haste in time of danger is fatal, we allowed ourselves fifteen minutes in which to collect our faculties, before taking any action. We then shut the windows, dressed, and still keeping instructions well in mind, looked about for a woolen garment. Still suppressing our agitation, we debated as to who should take the red comforter. I, with a sudden flash of intuition, decided the matter by seizing it for myself. My roommate unbuttoned and took off her gingham dress, put on and buttoned up a shirt waist, put on her white woolen suit skirt, and then slipped on her white woolen coat. Though both trembling visibly (we could now see the smoke pouring out of the Junior room in Adams Hall) we next began a systematic search for a towel. We left no object in the room unturned in our search. To our great relief my roommate at length found a wash rag, and with a thoughtfulness and disregard of self which brought tears to my eyes, offered to share it with me. But the towel must be a wet one! Together, with the wash rag, we covered the road to the toilet room, and soaked the cloth well in water. We then went back to our room to rescue our valuables, though we were by this time so frightened that we could scarcely walk. My roommate seized her safe-box containing her switch, and I finally snatched up Jack's picture and my Elocution note book. It is hard at such a time to differentiate the Important from the Non-important.

In the halls there was a terrifying absence of smoke. My roommate and I breathed fervent prayers as we sped through the deserted halls, and exited out of doors as quickly as possible. There the utmost system and order prevailed, and we became calm at once. Miss Watters, standing unflinchingly on the top steps of Sill Hall with the regulation wet towel around her mouth, called the roll in firm clear tones. As each name was called, the students, faculty, and maids, responded in a body thus simplifying matters inexpressibly. With a few exceptions, all the residents of the college were present, attired in blankets, slickers, bath robes and suits, many with note books firmly clasped.

Lieutenants, armed with blue bottles, and pails of splashing water darted intermittently about the scene, thus keeping up the courage of the more faint-hearted. Not until the valiant firemen appeared from the region of Adams Hall tenderly carrying the bodies of those who had perished in the flames, did the crowd give way to any emotion. Then many, and particularly those who had spent many pleasant and profitable hours in the lab with the victims, were seen to give way to tumultuous feelings." Here the student, who wishes her name withheld, broke down after the long strain, and could say no more. Many deeds of individual bravery and splendid presence of mind, unrivalled in the history of the world's catastrophes, have been reported on the part of the lieutenants and fire brigade. The following are some of the separate reports which have reached us:

Miss Lutz and Miss Norma Allen were seen traversing with powerful strides the twelve blocks down to the infirmary. However, they arrived just too late, for Miss Mabel Hall, with collar high, and fitting perfectly, had already carried Lucile Ralston, the patient, quickly and easily out of doors.

Miss Frances Loomis plunged quickly out of bed when the first alarm was sounded, and though still dazed with sleep, rushed actively about the building, demanding firmly of everyone she encountered what she was to do first.

Miss Marion Hull, when she heard the fire bells, with wonderful composure and absence of agitation, closed her eyes and turned over, while Miss Helen Tribou sternly shooed the disorderly and noisy mobs surging through the halls.

Miss Alma Yankey was every where at once. At the time of greatest excitement, many were calmed by her appearance in Sill Hall, carrying a pail of water to pour upon the flames, and bravely whistling a gay little tune.

Miss Helen Ainslie, it is reported, proved of invaluable assistance, by allowing the fire men to flirt with her, thus giving them a personal interest in the quelling of the conflagration.

Miss Enid Van Alstine showed evidence of her fine feeling and appreciation of the situation by having violent hysterics.

Rushing into the hall as soon as she was aware of the danger, Miss Florence Eis, with admirable presence of mind, shouted, "My gosh, kids! The place is on fire!"

Miss Mary McFarland saved many lives, it is said, by constructing a rope of sheets with the assistance of which, those living on first floor gained the ground in safety.

Miss Catherine Landon obeyed instructions to the letter, and the moment the thought "fire" reached her consciousness, seized a blanket and wrapping it tight about her, rolled over and over on the floor until convinced that all possible flames were extinguished.

Miss Beatrice Ostrom, acting upon what she describes as "an illuminating inspiration," rushed to the piano, and crashed out "Blow the Smoke Away," never leaving her post, even when the fire in Adams raged fiercest.

The last report received is of the almost superhuman bravery of Miss Edna Smith who faithful to instructions, ran to the door of 315 and having "knocked once, and received no answer, opened the door, and requested the occupant to get out." Miss Smith has as yet not been accounted for.

A lively young lady named Eis  
Has learned that one time will suffice  
Of throwing one's slipper,  
When one's feeling chipper,  
Into faculty rooms—'tis not nice.

---

Two men under window,  
Girls on first floor flirt.  
Students up on third floor,  
To remove the dirt,  
Think a pail of water  
Surely will not hurt.

---

"Have you heard of Whitcomb Riley?"  
Said Miss Bierhaus to Miss Crowell.  
"Yes, I think I've heard him mentioned,"  
Said Miss C. in accents droll.  
See what happens when one's owner  
Of a literary soul!

---

The Juniors have a privilege, oh,  
T'would keep you busy to guess, tho',  
They may out riding go, with men,  
Without a chaperone, but when  
Has any man asked one of them?

---

When your face gets red when She goes by,  
And you're sad—then glad—and don't know why,  
When you stick around Her like a fly  
And gaze and gaze, and sigh and sigh,  
It's a crush, my child, it's a crush!

When you send Her flowers till you're "broke",  
And cannot buy a new spring coat,  
And when she favors other folk  
You think it is your time to "croak,"  
It's a crush, my child, it's a crush!



## Mediaeval History—June 1912

I. Contrast the effect of the mediaeval university upon the Tigris Euphrates river valley, with the effect of the Roman constitution upon the drowning of Frederick Barbarossa.

II. Compare the Mohammedan religion with the geography of the Mediterranean Basin in the year 2 B. C., giving forty-seven likenesses and three differences.

III. Discuss the Bayeux tapestry, treating fully as to economic, social, religious, geographical and political conditions.

IV. (a) Define the following:

- |              |               |
|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Hegemony. | 3. Besant.    |
| 2. Escheat.  | 4. Suffragan. |

(b) Locate:

- |                 |                      |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| 1. Cuenca.      | 2. Stuhlweissenburg. |
| 3. Peristhlova. |                      |

V. What advantages would accrue to a man over in Syria, from the Danish king's policy (878) in governing his English conquests? What disadvantages?

The Shakespearean play of this year is to be "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," and it will occur during Commencement week. This year the students have graciously withdrawn from competition for the caste, and the parts have all been assigned to members of the faculty. The caste is as follows:

Duke Theseus	-	-	-	-	Miss Skinner
Egeus	-	-	-	-	Miss Church
Lysander	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Chambers
Demetrius	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Short
Philostrate	-	-	-	-	Miss Enoch
Quince	-	-	-	-	Signorina
Snug	-	-	-	-	Miss Nye
Bottom	-	-	-	-	Miss Epler
Flute	-	-	-	-	Miss Williams
Snout	-	-	-	-	Miss Baird
Starveling	-	-	-	-	Miss Marshall
Hippolyta	-	-	-	-	Miss Wright
Hermia	-	-	-	-	Miss Bramhall
Helena	-	-	-	-	Dr. Maas
Oberon	-	-	-	-	Miss Lowater
Titania	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hadfield
Puck	-	-	-	-	Miss Crowell
Peaseblossom	-	-	-	-	Miss Waites
Cobweb	-	-	-	-	Miss Lutz
Moth	-	-	-	-	Miss Irwin
Mustardseed	-	-	-	-	Miss Cann

WHEN the Annual's last joke is finished,  
When the Annual's last slam is done,  
And the last batch of proof is corrected,  
And to live once again we've begun  
We shall rest, (and faith, we shall need it.)  
Sit down for a moment or two,  
Till the Annual comes out on June first,  
And starts all our troubles anew.

Then she who's been slammed will be furious,  
She will come with a blaze in her eyes,  
And declare that 'twas out of pure meanness,  
And all that we've said have been lies.  
And each one whose name has been mentioned  
Will cut us—most sure in her mind,  
That our first thought in planning the Annual  
Was to give her a thrust from behind!

But what though there's no one to praise us,  
And though all creation shall blame,  
And we're not a whit richer in money,  
And our labors shall bring us no fame!  
We are sure there's reward for us somewhere,  
A halo, perhaps, for each one,  
For all year we have labored and worried,  
O'er a task that's too hard to be fun.

---

H. B. (Apropos of Sophomore English)—“What *is* this little wiggly thing they call a personal reaction?”

How long does it take to complete a war-ship? About fifteen minutes.

THE last dance after dinner,  
The last hour in the gym,  
The last work on committees,  
The last old Prom with "him."  
The final round of classes,  
The last lab. period long,  
Last spread and slumber party,  
Last good old Rockford song.  
Last cozy talks with girls you like,  
Last chapel service sung,  
Last sunset o'er the river —  
Our college days are done.

L' Envoi.

The curtain falls, the lights burn low,  
The dinness and the shadows come.  
The lingering echoes silent grow,  
And Memory has her work begun.

# Fireside Scene

PHOTO BY THE HAYNES STUDIO  
114 North Church Street



Oh Mr. Haynes, he takes such pains  
To make us look just so, you and me,  
And he will if he can, and he can if he will,  
So that's the place to go—seems to me.





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"Knock and it shall be opened unto you."—MRS. SHORT.

"What's in a name?"—LLOYD BIERHAUS.

"A man's a man for all that."—MAHREN FINNERUD.

"Stone walls do not a prison make."—GRACE WHEELER.

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M. K.—"No don't. Music hath charms you know."

"I want to see some gloves—size \$6.

"You mean six o'clock, don't you?"

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We shall highly appreciate a visit of inspection.

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WAISTS

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New 11521

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CONFECTIONS  
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DAINTY LUNCHEONS :: :: EVERYTHING OF QUALITY

125 West State Street

"Avoid awkward and useless repetition of a word or phrase."—(*Wooley.*)

"Honest to goodness, girls, we went down town, and girls, it was the end of the limit! Honest to goodness it was—the time we had! Why, we had a fierce time!"

ESTABLISHED 1848

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND STRONGEST BANKS IN THE STATE

**THE Winnebago National Bank of Rockford.**

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

CAPITAL AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$500,000.00

With ample capital, many years experience, and  
conservative management, we feel confident that  
we can give entire satisfaction to our patrons.

The entire resources of this bank secure its com-  
mercial and savings deposits alike.

WE RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE

SMITH

SMITH

SMITH & SON SHOE CO.  
FINE FOOTWEAR  
STATE AND WYMAN

\$2.50  
TO  
\$4.50

\$2.50  
TO  
\$4.50



The newest  
shapes--the  
latest patterns  
always found  
here.



Charge  
accounts  
solicited

SMITH

SMITH

Miss B. on her way down town, on a hot day, with her hat under her arm,—“Miss W. you can't guess where I'm going!”

Miss W.—“Oh, yes I can—to get your hat trimmed!”

Graduate Opticians  
COLLEGE PINS

JACKSON BROS.  
JEWELERS

100 WEST STATE STREET

G. J. PETER

DYEING and CLEANING  
ESTABLISHMENT

121 North Court Street Rockford, Ill.

Swanson's

Millinery

404 East State Street New Phone 404

**O**UR Ready-to-Wear Store is now ready for Spring with the greatest assortment of Women's, Misses and Juniors' ready-to-wear garments ever shown in Rockford.

We spent several weeks in New York City selecting exclusive styles and the best values to be found, and we are confident that all our previous efforts will be eclipsed both in value giving and in the class of merchandise we will offer the coming season.

Do not fail to visit our Millinery Department on the second floor, where we show exclusive styles, and our prices are the lowest in Rockford, if quality is considered. Our new Beauty Parlor is also on this floor, and is complete in every detail and at your service, with competent help in charge.

CENTER OF  
BUSINESS  
DISTRICT

*W. F. Brown & Co.*  
**WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS**

116 WEST  
STATE  
STREET

## C. F. Henry Clothing Co.

CORNER STATE AND MAIN STREETS



### Make this your Banking Place

We invite cashing of checks and other banking relations.

Our LADIES' ROOM offers accommodations to those wishing to transact business in privacy; may we serve you?

**ROCKFORD NATIONAL BANK**

H. S. BURPEE, Cashier



GIRLS, GET THE HABIT AND GO TO

BURR'S

110 West State Street

WE NEED YOUR TRADE AND GOOD WILL  
WE HAVE GIVEN ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS, THE FINEST STORE  
OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

AND WE WANT YOU TO APPRECIATE THIS FACT  
AND COME AND SEE US AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN  
AND WE WILL GIVE YOU THE

Finest Soda Water, Ice Cream, Candies,  
Lunches and Cut Flowers

THAT CAN BE PRODUCED, AND AT RIGHT PRICES  
WE MAKE ALL OF OUR ICE CREAM, ICES, SHERBETS, CANDIES  
AND BAKERY GOODS  
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE WELCOME AT BURR'S, 110 WEST STATE



THE YOUNG LADIES OF  
ROCKFORD COLLEGE

will find the largest and best stock of high-grade  
furnishings for their rooms at our Big Store. Oriental  
Rugs, Dressers, Pictures, Domestic Rugs, Dressing  
Tables, Reading Chairs, Draperies, Cheval Mirrors  
and Desks.

D. R. Mead & Co.  
QUALITY--FURNITURE

Waldo Book and  
Stationery Company

We aim to carry in stock the goods that should be  
in our line of business. Goods not in stock will be  
ordered promptly.

We solicit your patronage for

BOOKS  
STATIONERY  
WALL PAPER  
WINDOW SHADES  
OFFICE FURNITURE

Picture and Picture Framing a Specialty

Waldo Book and  
Stationery Company

508 East State Street

# LEARN TO SAVE MONEY

We can help you by furnishing you a Steel Savings Bank and paying 3 per cent. interest on deposits. One dollar will open an account.

## THIRD NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL \$250,000.00

BELL TELEPHONE { Office 339  
Green House 339-2

HOME TELEPHONE { Office 339  
Green House 1080

## J. J. SOPER

---

### *...florist*

OFFICE, 120 NORTH CHURCH ST.  
GREEN HOUSES, 2317 WEST STATE ST.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

Sermons are based on texts:  
Political speeches are based on pretexts.  
The reputation of our grades of

## Lumber and Fuel

is based on years of fair dealing and  
efficient service.

---

### CRUMB-COLTON COMPANY

920 South Main Street

Phones 130

## Amateur Photo Finishing and Enlarging

CAMERAS AND SUPPLIES

---

### Wheat Camera Shop

6th FLOOR ASHTON BLDG.

## H. H. CUTTING

### *Jeweler*

CLASS PINS AND RINGS  
TO ORDER

324 East State Street

Rockford, Ill.

FACIAL MASSAGE  
ELECTROLYSIS

CHIROPODY  
SHAMPOOING

MANICURING

HAIR DRESSING  
SCALP TREATMENT

## MRS. S. RICHTER

NEW PHONE 13721  
OLD PHONE 2573

Hair Goods Manufacturing  
a Specialty

SUITE 606-7  
ASHTON BLDG.

## MISS AGNES KEILY, DRESSMAKING

NEW PHONE 1434

512 EAST STATE STREET

## MISS GENEVIEVE ROBERTS

SHAMPOOING  
ELECTROLYSIS  
SCALP TREATMENT

*Dermatologist*

ELECTRIC FACIAL  
MASSAGE

I MAKE A SPECIALTY OF HAIR GOODS—GRAHAM SYSTEM

NEW PHONE 14204

621 ASHTON BLOCK



Brownie at the table  
Did for a week bewail  
An Ethics paper she must  
write,  
Or she would surely fail.

Miss Marshall at the table  
Not wishing to hear more,  
Said, "Yes, I think you've  
mentioned it,  
Some several times before."



We invite you to make this store your shopping headquarters. We show at all times a metropolitan assortment of the very latest styles in

Suits, Coats, Dresses,  
Waists and Skirts,  
Underwear, Hosiery, Corsets.

Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Neckwear,  
Belts, Bags, Jewelry and  
Dry Goods of All Kinds.

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:: LADIES' FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY ::

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Prices Always Reasonable





213 TELEPHONES 213  
**GEO. M. KEYT & SON**

LIVERY  
 HACK  
 BAGGAGE  
 AUTOMOBILES

Only the Best  
 in Toilet Articles

**JOHN R. PORTER & CO.**  
 CENTRAL DRUG STORE

Both Phones 539. Cor. State and Main Sts.

—SHORT'S—  
**Cafeteria**  
 Trust Bldg.

LUNCH ROOM, 107 So. Wyman  
 Across from Waiting Room

Rockford's Largest Eating Places

Fruit, Candy and  
 Ice Cream

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
 AT

**F. J. LEONARD'S**  
 409 East State St.

MRS. ALICE F. VEDDER

Hair Culturist

216 S. MAIN ST.  
 SECOND FLOOR

OLD PHONE  
 2525

**Insist on Pure Safe Milk and Cream at  
Your Home  
and School**

We have the only Sanitary Milk Plant in the city.  
 All our bottles are sterilized and inspected before using.

*DO NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES*

**UNION DAIRY COMPANY**

PHONES 475

# "The Quality Store"

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**Q** It is an acknowledged fact that reliable, desirable and up-to-date Furnishings for Milady are always to be found at

**The Ashton Dry Goods Co.**

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LITTLE PRICES ON BIG VALUES

## The Nelson

Rockford, Illinois

JOHN A. OBERG, MANAGER

"FOR GOODNESS SAKE"

...WEAR...

**SCHULEIN'S**

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SHOES & HOSIERY

**TO-DAY**

**TOMORROW--THE NEXT DAY**

and every day we are cleaning, pressing and dyeing the cheapest and most expensive Ladies' Clothing. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

*Work Called For and Delivered*

**SEE SEE SMITH**

Phone 60 105 North Wyman St.  
Both Phones 457 110 North First St.

# Sanitary Beauty Parlors

SOFT WATER SHAMPOOING  
HAIR DRESSING  
MANICURING

SKILLED OPERATORS  
IN ATTENDANCE

SPECIALISTS IN  
ELECTROLYSIS  
CHIROPODY

MME. E. DEVORE & CO.

PHONES: BELL 1836, HOME 4521

419 WEST STATE STREET

We aim to have the latest in  
**Jewelry**  
at reasonable prices

**HURD & RANKIN**  
JEWELERS

All Repairs Neatly  
and Promptly Done

Graduate  
Optician

For the Best in Flowers  
go to

**ROCKFORD  
FLORAL CO.**

Both Phones

Register-Gazette Bldg.

Be not angry, gentle reader, if you've had a slam or two,  
For you know you would not like it if we had not noticed you!



"WHEW! ISN'T IT HOT?"

It's a good guess and the thermometer stands about  
a 100° in the shade. It's as good a time as any to  
pay your respects to our Soda Fountain and

**TAKE A SODA**

One glass will reduce your temperature and two  
glasses will reduce the temperature of you and a  
friend. Be sociable and stand treat

**WILL BURNS**

501 East State Street

*COLUMBIA DUCIT SEQUANTUR*  
*ALII*

**Ladies' Gymnasium Suits**

Approbation of Leading  
Physical Directors

Consumers' League  
Endorsement

**Columbia  
Gymnasium Suit Co.**

301 CONGRESS STREET  
BOSTON, MASS.



# The Home of Purely Healthful Meats

Capacity 600 Hogs and 150 Cattle Per Day



SCHMAUSS CO'S NEW PACKING PLANT NOW IN OPERATION

THE MOST SANITARY, UP-TO-DATE PLANT IN THE WORLD

## SCHMAUSS CO.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

Our Meats are the Only Home Killed Government  
Inspected Meats sold in Rockford

FIVE MARKETS

BOTH PHONES



# How about your Will?

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Have you made it? If not, do so now, and let us help you. Making a will is a duty every one owes to their family.—Naming the Peoples Bank and Trust Co. as executor means that your wishes will be carried out in every respect.

If you are not entirely familiar with the drawing up of a will, we would be pleased to assist you in any way.

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## Peoples Bank and Trust Co.

WM. BROWN BLDG.

The Purest  
and Best in  
Candies and  
Ice Cream

PALACE OF  
SWEETS

at 417 East  
State Street  
Rockford  
Illinois :: ::

Home Phone { 8253  
6014

Bell Phone 1838

### M. C. SADEWATER FLORIST

Pot Plants Cut Flowers  
Funeral Designs and  
Decorations for all  
Purposes

322 EAST STATE STREET

### ROCKFORD OFFICE SUPPLY HOUSE

Stationery and  
School Supplies

108 S. Main St. Rockford, Illinois

**BLACK AND COLOR  
PRINTING  
FOR ALL PURPOSES**

---



**THEO. W. CLARK COMPANY**  
CORNER WYMAN AND MULBERRY  
**ROCKFORD, : : ILLINOIS**



## **“We’re Glad it’s That.”**

For an hour Bobbie and Nan have been prowling around the kitchen, trying to discover what the dessert would be. To all their eager questioning mamma has only said, “Wait and see.” Now they see and are happy. It will be

# **JELL-O**

The children love Jell-O for the same reason their elders do. *It is good to eat.* It is an especially beautiful dessert and is always delicious.

There is another reason why women like it. A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute.

Compared with the making of any other dessert, it is like play to make one of Jell-O.

**Seven fruit flavors and seven colors of Jell-O.**

**Ten cents a package at all grocers’.**

**Do not fail to write for the splendidly illustrated  
NEW JELL-O RECIPE BOOK, “Desserts of the  
World.”**

**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,  
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.**

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn’t there, it isn’t JELL-O.





MAPLE SYRUP  
SUGAR AND  
MAPLE CREAM

WRITE FOR PRICE  
LIST and BOOKLET

## **Burr Brothers**

HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF

### ***Jones Dairy Farm Sausage***

***Ham, Bacon and Lard on Hand***

***They will Gladly Supply You.***

If you do not live in Rockford and cannot obtain Jones Dairy Farm products easily,  
write to Milo C. Jones, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

Yours very truly,

JONES DAIRY FARM,  
P. W. JONES

## ROCKFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

THE ONLY WOMAN'S COLLEGE IN THE MIDDLE WEST ACCORDED  
THE FIRST RANK IN SCHOLARSHIP BY THE COMMISSIONER OF  
EDUCATION. DEGREES OF B. A. AND B. S. TRAINS ALSO FOR A  
VOCATION. HOME ECONOMICS, SECRETARIAL, LIBRARY, MUSIC.  
APPLIED DESIGN DEPARTMENTS. CATALOG.

JULIA H. GULLIVER, PH.D., LL. D., PRESIDENT

BOX E



